WEEK ENDING SEPT. 20 1924

5c

# Liberty

*A Weekly for Everybody*

OFFICIAL COPY

*"Why, I Declare!"*

EDGAR FRANKLIN WITTMACK 1924

*Beginning in this Issue:*

## GEORGE M. COHAN'S MEMOIRS

# The Improved COACH
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Note how fast it is displacing open cars. Never will their old-time popularity return. And the rate of open car depreciation grows swifter as knowledge of this condition spreads. Consider what a used open car will bring a year from today.

As the wanted type the Coach maintains the highest resale value against the waning desirability of the open car.

# So Why Buy an Open Car?

# The duty of one woman to another . . . is to *tell* her

REFRESHING is the wholesome frankness among refined women of today on subjects of personal daintiness and hygiene. Not so long ago there were comparatively few who even discussed these vital questions, all-important as they are in their direct bearing upon womanly health and happiness.

### *Secrecy and ignorance do untold harm*

But wrong advice is often worse than no advice at all. That is why it is the duty of the well-informed woman to guide those of her circle who are less fortunate. It is an absolute fact that thousands of women today are running untold risks just because there is no one to give them proper information concerning feminine hygiene.

### *The newer knowledge of germ-life*

For years woman's only resource has been the use of poisonous, caustic antiseptics, because during these years there was nothing to take their place. Compounds containing phenol, cresol and bichloride of mercury *are* powerful germicides, but they are destructive also of human tissue. Even when greatly diluted—and they *must* be diluted in order to use them at all for this purpose—even then they leave the delicate membranes hardened and scarred, as physicians and nurses will testify.

But the newer knowledge of bacteriology and antisepsis has led to the discovery of another kind of germicide. It is called Zonite, and it combines remarkable germ-killing power with complete safety in use. Though absolutely non-poisonous, Zonite is actually far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely applied to the human body, and *fifty times* as powerful as peroxide of hydrogen. Zonite is harmless to human membranes and tissues but fatal to germ-life.

### *Pass this booklet along to others*

Zonite is absolutely safe in the hands of anyone, even a child. There is no longer any excuse for poisonous antiseptics in the medicine chest. Authorities are strong in condemning the use of caustic, burning compounds in contact with delicate organs of the body.

No wonder, then, that Zonite has been warmly welcomed by the women of refined and enlightened families. For it has encouraged the wholesome, scientific practice of personal hygiene, which means so much to woman's comfort, beauty and health-assurance.

The Women's Division has prepared a dainty booklet about feminine hygiene and other affairs of the toilette—mouth, scalp, complexion, etc. It is beautifully printed and illustrated. Every woman should be familiar with the information it contains, which is exact and authentic. Every woman with a sense of responsibility will want to pass it on to others who need it. Don't keep this important message to yourself. Share it with others. Use the coupon below. Ask for several booklets if you want them. Mailed in tasteful "social correspondence" envelope.

### *No excuse for poisons, says Science*

**The following statement on the subject is made by the head of a New York laboratory with an international reputation.**

**"Bichloride of mercury and cresol compounds, when used in sufficient strength to possess any value as germicides, are exceedingly destructive to tissue. Bichloride burns the mucous membrane, and if used repeatedly will deaden and toughen the tissues with which it comes in contact. There is always the danger of mercurial poisoning through its use. Most phenol and cresol compounds are saponified in an effort to reduce the burning and irritation of these poisons. In spite of this they are corrosive and caustic in their action and the soap ingredients wash away necessary gland secretions. Their continued use frequently results in an area of scar-tissue and dullness and hardening of the membrane."**

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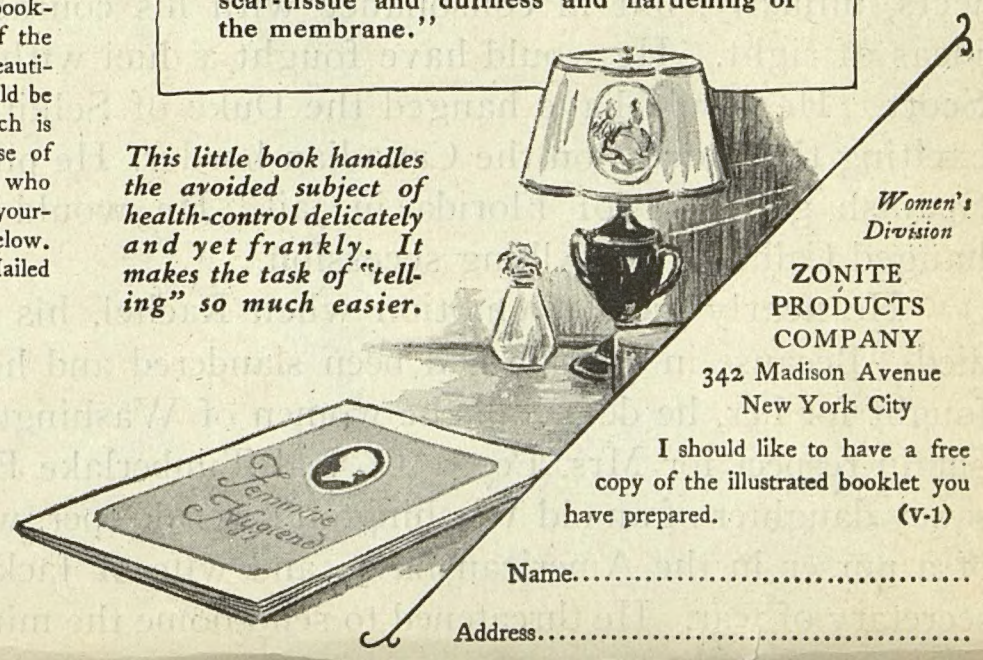


*Women's Division*

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342 Madison Avenue
New York City

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SEPT. 20, 1924

# Liberty

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*"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."*
*—Stephen Decatur.*

## COURAGE.

When Andrew Jackson went from Jonesboro in Tennessee to settle in Nashville, there wasn't a safe trail in the territory. To bring cows in from grazing might mean death. The frontier degraded both whites and reds. Both were ferocious. The Indian got powder and whisky. The white scalped, fought, and hunted.

In this society Jackson meant discipline, order and law, modified for honor, by the duel. He established ascendancy over men who fought either by gouging each other's eyes out—the experts among them kept two finger nails long and razor edged for the purpose—or with pistols. It was a fighting society.

Jackson killed Charles Dickinson without compunction, but he took his enemy's fire first and concealed from him and from the seconds the fact that he had received a wound, nearly fatal, from which he never recovered.

In a ferocious tavern fight with the Bentons, T. W. and Jesse, and their friends, he received a pistol slug which was there for life. He subdued the Creeks with a starved and insubordinate force. He did the incredible thing of hanging John Scott to teach these frontiersmen that they were dealing with military discipline. He executed six other riflemen for the good of the service. The best troops of Europe did not sup in New Orleans because of an indomitable man.

He had an intestinal disorder which at times was an agony. Sometimes in the wilderness against the Indians he could not ride his horse but had to be carried on a litter with his chest pressed against an upright sapling to control the anguish.

In Florida, which he conquered without leave of the Washington government, he executed two British subjects, unjustly, but in consonance with his courageous ideas of right. He would have fought a duel with Gen. Scott. He would have hanged the Duke of Selkirk for exciting the Indians on the Canadian border. He put the Spanish governor of Florida in jail. He would have hanged Calhoun for talking secession.

He nearly died of emotion when Rachel, his wife, died. Because in life she had been slandered and he had fought for her, he defied all the women of Washington to obtain respect for Mrs. Peggy O'Neal Timberlake Eaton, saucy daughter of an old Washington tavernkeeper, widow of a purser in the American navy, and wife of Jackson's secretary of war. He threatened to send home the minister from Holland because of his wife's offenses against Mrs. Eaton. He gave the French, delinquent in reparations under a treaty, a message which nearly caused war.

He was strong half the time, but his constant solvent of the troubles which invested him was courage.

There is no other solvent. It is the sanctuary to which man goes when every other door is closed to him.

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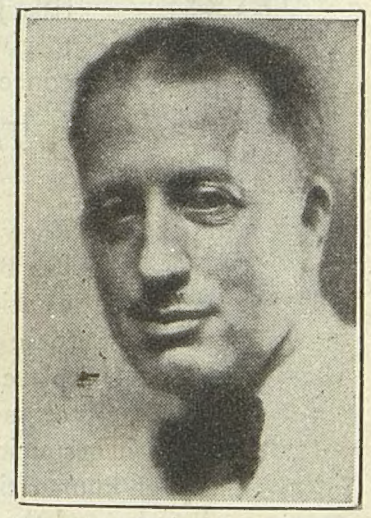
## IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

**The First Winners in Liberty's Great Composite Dog Contest Will Be Announced. If You Entered the Contest, Watch for Your Name!**

**THE romance of a flapper, told as she would tell it, in a frank, naive, and swiftly moving way, careless of her own deep wound, is *The Highlighter*, a two-part story by Frank R. Adams. The author has written a tale of humor, pathos, love, and adventure, which you will read with eager enjoyment.**

***Should a Wife Have a Vacation*** **is a question that is cropping up more and more in daily life, and Mrs. T. S. Winslow comes out in favor of it, with a vim that leaves nothing to be desired.**

**And then there is a story of twin race horses and a crooked owner, with love, revenge, jealousy, and revolution, called *The Ringers of Juarez*. It was written by W. O. McGeehan, and adds materially to the score of interesting features which combine to make Liberty's next number a distinctive one.**



FRANK R. ADAMS



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*First Installment of a Narrative in Which*

*The* MIRACLE MAN of the THEATER Tells the Story of His Life

*The street parade was one of the best ballyhoos ever perpetrated.*

# *TWENTY YEARS on* BROADWAY

## *And the Years It Took to Get There*

*By*

## GEORGE M. COHAN

Drawings by ARTHUR LITLE

*"Great actors are born." I know. I was born.*

*GEORGE M. COHAN'S reminiscences are an inspiration to any ambitious boy or young man. His achievements show what the religion of hustle will do. He kept everlastingly at it. He fought adverse criticism. He stood up for his rights.*

*Now, at forty-six, he is the leading figure in the American theater. A rival manager with whom Mr. Cohan was not on cordial terms said: "Although George Cohan and I are not friendly, having had some differences over the actors' strike, I consider him the most accomplished man in the theater. He can do everything. There isn't any better dancer; there isn't any better song writer; there isn't any better dramatist; there isn't any better producer; there isn't any better actor."*

*For this achievement Mr. Cohan has sacrificed, perhaps, something that the rest of us who are not as inspired by the spirit of hustle have obtained: he has sacrificed some pleasures. He said to the editor, rather pathetically: "I never played any games. I have never had any fun. I have always worked. Work is my fun. Why, I can't even swim."*

### CHAPTER I.

HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

UNTIL a few minutes ago I had no more idea of ever writing this story than I had of growing a Van Dyke beard.

It all came about through my press representative. He asked me to invent an excuse to be handed out to the newspaper men who were besieging my offices for a statement concerning my retirement from the play producing field.

"I've got to tell them something. They've been here every day for a week and you haven't shown up." Dunn said this to me.

Dunn is a "press agent"—the best dressed press agent in the world. Dunn is not only a press agent; he is what is known as a "born press agent." Meaning, of course, that his mother told him he was a press agent the day he was born.

"Tell 'em I'm busy." It was the only excuse I could think of for the moment.

"Busy doing what?" challenged Dunn. "They know you're not writing a play.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

*At the age of seven I had grown too big to fit in the top tray of my mother's theater trunk.*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE]

You've already declared you were through."

"Tell 'em I'm writing a book."

"What's the name of it?"

"Name it yourself, kid," and away I went to the ball game.

The next morning I picked up a New York paper and read the following:

> George M. Cohan will devote the next three months to a book of reminiscences which will bear the characteristic title of Twenty Years on Broadway.

Then followed a story to the effect that Mr. Cohan had decided to keep the world waiting no longer for "the tragic tale of his rapid rise from rags to riches," the publication of which would undoubtedly prove another step forward in the great advancement of American literature.

It was the first hearty laugh I'd had since a certain ex-comic opera comedian with supposedly strong socialistic ideas confidentially advised me to save my money.

No sooner had I laid down the paper than the telephone rang. Telephones ring on the "cue" in real life the same as in books and plays.

"What about the serialization of that story you're writing?" An editor of a magazine was speaking.

"Hadn't given it a thought," I answered.

"That's a great title!"

"What is?"

"Twenty Years on Broadway."

"You really think so?"

"What do you think?"

"Hadn't given it a thought," I repeated.

"Well, you ought to; there's something there."

"How much?" I inquired.

"Write your own ticket—I'll be there in twenty minutes to sign the contract."

"Better wait a week or so," I suggested.

"Look here, Cohan, don't string me. Are you writing this story or not?"

"No, I'm not — not yet; but I'm going to start the first chapter just as soon as I hang up this receiver. If you like the darned thing when it's finished, write your own ticket, fix up your contract, and I'll sign it."

"You mean to say that I've given you an idea?" chuckled the editor.

"No, sweetheart," I shot back, "I had the idea; you've given me the courage.

"Go to it, boy!" he shouted.

I hung up, tore off my coat, grabbed a pencil, and went to work.

## CHAPTER II.

### WHAT IT'S GOING TO BE.

IT'S going to cramp my style considerably to be compelled to put things in actual writing. Most of my play manuscripts have been mere suggestions of the things I carried in mind. In other words, at least sixty per cent of my playwriting (if you'll permit me to call it that) has been done at rehearsals.

The only person I'd ever known who could make head or tail of any manuscript of mine was a young lady stenographer who, after eighteen years of midnight service, got so she could take one peek at any part of my scribbling and translate it into English immediately. However, during the last month the young lady referred to has allied herself with "other theatrical interests," so here I am, on my own, slowly and carefully putting properly spelt words on paper with nothing to guide me except an unabridged dictionary and a wild desire to "make good" with this editor friend of mine.

My idea in this story is to appeal to the general public. To me, the college professor with the tall forehead is of no more importance than the ordinary buck dancer or dramatic critic. My aim is to reach all classes and to be known as the "Mary Pickford of the literary world."

This title of Dunn's, "Twenty Years on Broadway," was all very good from a box office point of view, but again I wish to state that my style was cramped, because a great many things theatrical happened to me long before I ever saw the Great White Way, to which the Lambs Club insists that I added the red and blue.

You will notice that I have subtitled this story, And the Years It Took to Get There. I did this because I felt it was absolutely necessary to offer a brief resumé of my early career (before my name crept into the *Morning Telegraph*) in order to lead up to the mess of work that came after. In so doing I am not "getting away from my subject," as we say in the Authors' League. I am merely edging up to what will doubtless prove to be the most thrilling, daring, and at the same time truthful exposé of a "charmed life" ever written by an American song and dance man.

## CHAPTER III.

### SCHOOL DAYS AND MUSIC.

"GREAT actors are born." There are many who still doubt the truth of this old saying. But it's a fact. I know, because I was born. Not just ordinarily born, but born on the Fourth of July. (There he goes again.)

I came into the world in a roundabout way, via Providence, Rhode Island. My next birthday will mark my forty-seventh year as a "trouper."

By the time I was three years of age I had screamed my way through several one night stand routes which my father had personally "booked."

At the age of seven I had grown too big to fit in the top tray of my mother's theater trunk, and yet was too small to be left alone in hotel rooms, so I was shipped back to Providence and placed in the E Street school.

I have learned since that it takes the average scholar from four to five years to go through this school. I was through in six weeks. The principal of the school sent for me and told me so.

"You're through." That's all he said.

The next day I was shipped back to my parents along with a letter which stated that "a few drops of laudanum in beef broth served to the child morning and evening for several days would make the world a safer and saner place to live in." My school days were over.

After six weeks' absence from the show game I arrived in Boston thoroughly educated and perfectly satisfied that no living man (with the possible exception of John L. Sullivan, who was then champion of the world) could teach me anything more.

My father had just disbanded his "road show" and he and my mother were appearing in a little store on Washington Street in Boston. This store space had been converted into a theater by a man named B. F. Keith. My sister, Josephine, who had also been taken out of school, was already in Boston when I arrived. We had a real family reunion that night. Mr. Keith attended the affair and presented Josie with a rag doll, and slipped me a toy balloon.

I learned afterward that B. F. was trying to jolly my dad into believing that "hard work hurts no man" and that "six performances a day was little enough for any ambitious actor to do."

"You're sure to save money. You can't get outdoors to spend it," said B. F.

"Something in that, too," said dad.

Keith's business grew to such proportions that he decided to look about for a real theater,

and so a little later on we all moved farther up Washington Street to the Bijou. He continued his plan of "continuous performances," and it was in this little house that he started to build the great fame and fortune he left when he died. Mother and dad played there all that season. Josie practiced dancing, high kicking, and handsprings. My ambition at that time was to be a black-faced comedian in a comedy musical act.

Dad bought a violin for me and made arrangements with a fiddler friend of his to give me three lessons a week. In two weeks I knew all there was to be known about the violin. The teacher himself said so. He sent me back to my father with a note, which read:

"Impossible to teach this boy any more. HE KNOWS IT ALL."

## CHAPTER IV.

### ALL KINDS OF JOBS.

IN the fall of 1886 I was sent to Orange, New Jersey, and placed in the care of a married couple, friends of my parents. They had no children of their own, so borrowed me to practice on.

Three weeks later, when they were sending me back to my folks, Mr. Higginson, who had escorted me to the station to put me on the train, said, "Tell your father, mother, and sister that we think just as much of them as ever." I saw him jump up and down and throw his hat in the air as the train pulled out.

When I arrived in New York I learned that father, mother, and Josie had just been engaged to play three parts in a western melodrama called Daniel Boone on the Trail.

"I don't know what we're going to do with you," said Dad. "We can't afford to carry you with the show."

"Why don't you speak to the manager, Dad?" suggested Josie. "There may be something Georgie could do."

"Yes, why don't you do that, Jerry?" added mother.

The next day he brought me to the manager's office and, as I remember, the whole conversation was about me.

"He's never been on the stage," said Dad, "but he's been taking violin lessons and, if I do say it myself, he swings a wicked bow."

"O, a fiddler, eh?" The manager began to warm up at this point. "I'll tell you what I'll do, Jerry." He put his hand on father's shoulder as he said this. All managers put their hands on actors' shoulders when they start talking business.

"If the kid will ride the donkey on parade, play second fiddle in the orchestra, and sell song books in the lobby, I'll pay his hotel bills and railroad fares, and you can keep your family intact."

Even at my age (I was eight) and inexperienced as I was in business matters, it seemed to me that this "three in one" job being handed to me was worth far more than just hotel bills and fares, but Dad, not being nearly as good a business man as he was a clog dancer, immediately accepted the proposition, and before we left the office had signed the first contract The Four Cohans ever received.

This Daniel Boone show was one of the old time band and orchestra troupes. All the actors had to "double in brass" and sleepers. The star performer was Captain Jack Crawford, the famous poet scout. It was, without doubt, the worst show I ever looked at, and I had to look at it every night from the orchestra pit.

*The Four Cohans in 1884, shortly before "Georgie," then 6, and his sister, Josie, began their stage careers.*

The street parade, however, was one of the best ballyhoos ever perpetrated. Cowboys, Indians, wild animals, drum corps, brass band, American flags, and everything else that Barnum ever thought of. I rode the donkey, Dad played the bass drum, and mother and Josie threw handbills from an old stage coach that had been discarded by the Buffalo Bill show.

We stayed with this Wild West affair for about six months, and in all that time I never wore anything but a cowboy suit. All the actors in the company had to dress in cowboy fashion. We were walking advertisements wherever we went. Before the season was over I got so I even talked like a cowboy. I still do, for that matter.

While with this troupe I developed very fast. The day we left the show (which was on account of a little trouble I'd had with one of the Indians) every member of the company admitted that I had developed. Even the manager told my father that in his opinion "Georgie had developed into the freshest song book boy in America."

## CHAPTER V.

### FIRST SALARY AS AN ACTOR.

JERRY COHAN'S IRISH HIBERNIA was the name of a troupe Dad organized and started on tour when we finished with Daniel

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVEN]

Boone. With a panorama of Ireland, showing thirty-odd scenes, a couple of Irish bagpipers and a jaunting car, we toured the one night stands for seven or eight months. My job with this show was driving the two mules hitched to the jaunting car on parade, and taking tickets at the front door, besides selling song books during the intermission.

I got my first experience as an advertising agent with this show. Dad and I used to pass out handbills to the factory hands during the lunch hour while the Irish bagpipers would drone their jigs and reels. When the Hibernia troupe closed, we went back to Keith's (1888). It seemed from that time on that in whatever direction we started, we invariably finished back at Keith's.

This time my father, mother, and a comedian named John Barker formed what became known as the Bijou Comedy Company. They presented one act farces or afterpieces, as they were called then, and gave six performances a day, six days a week, with all day Sunday rehearsals thrown in for good measure.

It was during this engagement that I made my first stage appearance as a boy violinist. It came about in a peculiar way. An act disappointed us one Monday morning and Josie, who had been practicing grotesque dancing for some time, was rushed in to "fill the gap." Josie made a hit. In fact, big enough hit to be retained the second week. She was billed as

LITTLE JOSIE COHAN

America's Youngest and Most Graceful Skirt Dancer.

I wasn't exactly envious of my sister's success, but I must admit that my nose was a bit disjointed and I was bound not to be outdone.

Without my family's knowledge I had rehearsed myself in a trick violin act, so presented myself to the new general manager, whom Mr. Keith had just appointed the week before. The new general manager, by the way, was none other than the same Mr. E. F. Albee who today controls the entire high class vaudeville business of America.

"What kind of an act can you do?" he inquired, after I'd told him how sure I was of "knocking 'em cold."

"I'm a trick violinist," I answered, "and if you'll give me a chance I'll guarantee——"

Albee interrupted with "What's your salary?" Albee always did come down to cases, even in those days.

"I'll make you a fair proposition, Mr. Albee," I went on. "I'll play the week and you use your own judgment and pay me what you think the act is worth."

"All right, you open next Monday."

I made a dash for the fiddle and practiced several hours a day for the balance of the week. I made my first appearance the following Monday and was billed as

MASTER GEORGIE.

Violin Tricks and Tinkling Tunes.

I finished the week, and Saturday night when I opened my salary envelope I found that it contained exactly six dollars.

"Can you beat that?" I said to a little tenor singer who was dressing with me. "Albee said he'd give me what the act was worth and he hands me six dollars."

"What's the extra dollar for?" he asked.

I made no further "kick."

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE COHAN MIRTH MAKERS.

THE fiddle went in the "prop" trunk. All thoughts of a concert career went smash. For some unknown reason I suddenly decided to become a drum major, and for several weeks gave all my attention to the art of "swinging the baton."

I managed to book myself at Austin & Stone's Museum for a week's engagement, where I did my juggling specialty and sang a soldier song that went something like this:

I'm Major McPlugg
With the comical mug.
I'm as happy and free
As a bug in a rug.

Through nervousness the baton got away from me at the opening performance, flew over the footlights, hit the orchestra leader on the head, and broke his violin. I squared the fiddle matter all right—I gave him mine.

In the spring of '89 my Dad organized our first family road show. The billing matter and program read:

**THE COHAN MIRTH MAKERS**

The Celebrated Family of Singers, Dancers, and Comedians with Their

**Silver Plated Band**

AND

**Symphony Orchestra**

**PROGRAM**

Grand Overture—"Bridal Rose".....
.....*Cohan's Symphony Orchestra*

**MR. and MRS. JERRY COHAN**

in the clever one-act comedy sketch

**"Retiring from the Stage"**

**MISS JOSEPHINE COHAN**

AS

**Queen of Terpsichore**

**MASTER GEORGE COHAN**

AS

**"The Lively Bootblack"**

Master Cohan's Own Conception of Buck and Wing Dancing

**JERRY COHAN**

AS

**"The Dancing Philosopher"**

10 MINUTES' INTERMISSION

During which Master Cohan will offer for sale Autographed Photographs of this fun-creating family

Grand March Selection—"Gladiator".....
.....*Sousa*

**THE FOUR COHANS**

in Jerry J. Cohan's Original Comedy with Songs and Dances,

**"Goggle's Doll House"**

Concluding with the Famous Dancing Dolls

Some troupe. Four in the cast, eight in the orchestra. The street parade was the big feature. I was the drum major and led the band of eleven pieces—eight musicians besides the manager, property man, and Dad. The latter three played the snare drum, bass drum, and cymbals. Mother and Josie followed the band in an open victoria draped with American flags. When business was bad we'd discharge the band, cut out the parade, and give the show with a piano player. When business would pick up we'd hire a new band and begin all over again. No matter what happened, we always carried the trunk of red uniforms, but whether we used them or not was entirely up to the bank roll.

We played about six hundred one night stands with the Mirth Makers and during that time we hired and discharged at least half a dozen brass bands. Toward the end of the second season, during one of our bandless periods, the piano player went on a spree, so we had to close up altogether and go back to Keith's.

## CHAPTER VII.

### CAST FOR A STAR PART.

WE were always welcome at Keith's. I heard B. F. say to my father one day, "It's hard work, Jerry, but it's always here when you want it." (This was in 1891.)

We fooled around playing variety dates in the East for several months until we had saved enough capital to put out another troupe. This time it was a three-act farce comedy, written by my father, which he called,

WIDOW McCANN'S TRIP.

It wasn't a very long trip, however, as during the second week of what was intended to be a tour to the Pacific Coast and back we received a telegram from the Atkinson Comedy Company asking us if we could arrange to open in Brooklyn the following Monday with Peck's Bad Boy. That was the finish of Widow McCann. The production went to the storehouse, the actors went back home, and we (the family) went straight to New York and hopped into rehearsals the following evening.

I was the happiest kid in the world. There was I, at the age of thirteen, cast for the rôle of *Henry Peck*, "that incorrigible lad with a heart of gold," as the program stated. Father and mother played *Mr. and Mrs. Peck*, and Josie played the bad boy's sweetheart.

We opened Monday matinée to a peanut eating audience that shrieked with laughter at every move I made. I soaked the grocery storekeeper with a slapstick and they laughed for a full minute. I pushed the Irish policeman into a tub of soap suds, and they stood up and cheered. Mind you, that was over thirty years ago, long before Chaplin had ever tasted a custard pie.

When the matinée performance came to an end I wended my way to the dressing room, with the frenzied shouts of approval still ringing in my ears. I was thoroughly convinced that "that guy Booth had nothing on me."

The manager came "backstage" and congratulated my father, mother, and sister. I heard him say to them, "Your individual performances were perfect." I guess he thought I'd get a swelled head if he "boosted" me, so, manager-like, he walked right by my dressing room door without saying a word.

I was on to his make-believe indifference. I smiled at my reflection in the mirror and had a quiet little talk with myself. "Believe me, you'll pay me, old boy." I was going after the manager to beat the band. "If I play this part next season you'll pay me, and pay me well."

When I'd finished dressing and had stepped through the stage door into the alley (all stage doors were in alleys in those days) a great shout went up from a band of urchins who not only clogged up the alley but were also hanging on window sashes and fire escapes in their frantic efforts to get a look at the famous bad boy in the flesh.

"There he is: that's Henry. There he is," they shouted, as I came through the door.

"Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!"

It was the first big thrill I'd ever known. I was surrounded in a second.

"Three cheers for the bad boy," cried a dirty-faced enthusiast who, along with a dozen others, was leaning over the roof of the building opposite. He lost his balance, fell

*Josie made a hit. I wasn't exactly jealous, but——*

off, but grabbed hold of the fire escape and crawled back to the roof, while the chorus of a hundred voices shouted, "Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!"

I bowed to them very graciously and attempted to find my way through the applauding crowd. I was smiling, shaking hands, and thanking them all over the place. "I'm a hero," I thought to myself.

And then, without any warning, bang! right square on the nose. It was the first real "wallop" I had ever received. Bang! another. This time to the right eye. Before I could get my hands up, bang! an uppercut to the chin.

Bang! bang! bang! a million fists came flying in my direction. The hotel was just a hundred yards away from the end of the alley. I did it in nine and four-fifths. Potato spuds kept bouncing off the back of my head the entire distance.

"O, my boy, my poor little boy!" cried mother as I ran into her arms in the hotel lobby. The mob of juvenile bandits, still shouting their threats from the sidewalk, made funny faces at me through the plate glass windows.

"You made a mistake in running away, Georgie," said the manager of the show, who had witnessed my world's record dash. Then he turned to father.

"This isn't an unusual occurrence at all. Jerry," he went on. "The ambition of every kid in America is to take a punch at Peck's bad boy. Georgie will have to get used to it if he wants to play the part."

He said this very casually and walked into the dining room without offering any further consolation.

The four of us got together and talked over the advisability of handing in our two weeks' notice.

"What do you want to do, son?" Dad put it up to me.

"I'll stick," I said. "I'll play this part even if I die in the attempt."

The result was that for the following thirty-five weeks I fought my way out of every popular priced alley on the ten, twenty, and thirty cent circuit.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### TURNING INTO AN AUTHOR.

WHEN we left the Bad Boy show (which was due to a little trouble I'd had with a crew of stage hands) I had lost more battles than Terry McGovern won in his entire career.

That summer we played the county fairs. We used to go into the "fair towns" and make a deal with the officials to do our specialties on the judges' stand between the heats of the trotting races. The village band supplied the music.

This scheme proved rather profitable, and Dad, I remember, was very proud of having thought of the idea.

We saved enough money from the "fair engagements" to promote a new troupe, so the following September (1892) we took to the road again in a three-act farce comedy entitled Four of a Kind, written, composed, and staged by father.

It was a pretentious production. The scenery alone cost us four hundred and fifty dollars. We carried ten other actors besides the family and had to play to at least one hundred and fifty dollars a night to break even.

The answer to this big "overhead" was that we were soon back playing variety dates, and Thanksgiving week found us opening at Robinson's Theater in Buffalo, New York. We were engaged for a single week, but continued on there week to week putting on sketches, specialties, dancing acts, farces, pantomimes, melodramas, and any other form of entertainment the management called for until well into the following summer.

During this engagement I played everything from Boucicault's Irish heroes to black-faced comedy parts. One week I played my own mother's father, mother being cast for the old general's daughter, and I for the general. It was about this time I got the writing bug.

I wrote a one act play and brought it to Dad with the hope that he'd put it on.

"Very good, son, try again"—that was all he said, and handed it back.

I tried again, and again, but it was always the same set speech, "Try again."

I used to think in those days that father was my severest critic.

I received some remarkably fine press notices while I was playing in Buffalo. There was an advertising weekly called *The Buffalo Advertiser* being published there at that time, and through one of the owners of the sheet I got a job soliciting "ads." The understanding was that I was to receive five per cent of all moneys derived from the result of my efforts,

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and besides this, I was given a full column space, in every issue, which was devoted to eulogizing the performance of "the rising young comedian, George M. Cohan, now appearing at Robinson's Theater." I wrote these notices myself; you can understand how good they were.

MAKING up my mind that I was not receiving the proper encouragement for my attempts at play writing, I now turned my attention to the popular song field. I turned out no less than half a dozen ballads a week for some little time. The New York music publishers must have grown tired of sending back my manuscripts, because after a while they didn't even bother to do that. One fellow, however, was at least courteous enough to write a letter. It ran as follows:

Dear Sir:
Your songs are not publishable. Please do not send any more.

Even that didn't stop me. As a matter of fact, it made me fighting mad.

"I'll show those guys a few things before I finish. . . . Not publishable, eh? Humph! Well, they'll be published, all right. . . . They'll be published if I have to start my own publishing concern and publish them myself."

(Business of walking up and down the room reading the carpet.)

"My songs are great. I know they are."

(Business of tearing up the publisher's letter.)

"Yes, and so are my sketches. . . . Father doesn't think so, but I'll show him a thing or two. . . . I'll write a hundred plays before I'm through. . . . Yes, and they'll be produced, too. . . . They'll be produced if I have to build my own theater and produce them myself."

(Business of going to the window, leaning on the sill and looking into space.)

"New York. . . . That's the town. . . . That's where I belong. . . . I'm sick and tired of wasting my time and talents on these Middle West 'boobs.'"

(Business of grabbing hat and rushing out the door, downstairs and to the street.)

"Broadway. . . . Yes, sir! . . . That's where I'm going, to Broadway. . . . Just as quick as I can. . . . When I get there I'll open my own music publishing house, build my own theater, and do as I please. . . . Then, thank Heaven, I won't have to listen to any back talk from father, music publishers, or anybody else."

These were the thoughts flashing through the mind of "the rising young comedian, George M. Cohan, now appearing at Robinson's Theater," as he sauntered up and down Buffalo's main thoroughfare between matinée and night, flipping the ashes from his "Sweet Caporal" and looking with utter disdain on the "boobs" as he scornfully passed them by.

## CHAPTER IX.

### WONDERFUL DREAMS.

"I THINK it's about time we made up our minds to try for a New York engagement," I said to Dad.

"I think it's about time you understood that you have nothing to say in the matter," he answered very curtly, and walked away, thereby ending the conversation before it was half started.

That night I packed my belongings into a suitcase.

"All right, if he feels that way about it," I muttered to myself. "Let him stay out here and be a water tank trouper if he wants to, but there's one member of this family going to tear for Broadway right now—tonight. No more kidding about it, either."

I carried on this monologue while throwing the manuscripts of my unproduced one act plays and unpublished songs in the grip, along with the necessary wearing apparel I had decided to carry. When the packing was completed I sat down and scribbled the following note to my mother:

> Good-by, Mother; don't worry about me. I'm on my way to New York to sell my songs and plays and get a job in a Broadway show. Dad doesn't seem to think that I amount to anything, but keep a-praying for me and everything will come out all right. Please don't let anybody try to bring me back, because my mind is made up to fight it out alone.
>
> Your loving son,
>
> GEORGE.

I intended to slip the note under my parents' door before leaving, figuring that by the time they discovered it there I'd be safe and sound in New York. I had already purchased my transportation and an upper berth on the fast express leaving Buffalo at midnight.

These railroad accommodations, by the way, put quite a dent in my twenty-nine dollar bank roll, but I knew there was a lot of loose money thrown around Broadway, and I was the little fellow who was going there to pick it up.

Just as I had sealed the envelope and was about to grab for my coat and hat, the door of my room flew open and Dad walked in with a broad grin on his face. Dad always grinned when he was nervous.

"Listen, son," he began; "I've been thinking over that matter you spoke of today; you know, about New York; and your mother and I have decided to take your tip and go there."

"When are you going?" I asked impatiently.

"Well, there's no use in starting there this kind of weather. (It was June.) We'll close here in two weeks and then play the summer resorts until late August. That'll bring us to the big town about the first of September."

"You won't get an opening if you wait till September. You've got to be on the ground during the summer to get a job there." I'd heard an acrobat make this assertion, so I pulled it on Dad to show him how well I knew the business end of the game.

"Don't worry about a New York opening," he assured me. "Keith's just taken over the Union Square Theater and opens it as a variety house Labor Day week. We're sure of a job with Keith, so you see we'll get a hearing anyway."

THIS was all news to me and it sounded reasonable enough to set me turning over in my mind the problem of how to redeem my railroad fare in case I decided to reconsider my "getaway." I stood there trying to think, but my mind was hazy. I glanced hurriedly at my watch. I had fifteen minutes to make the train. I noticed a peculiar look in Dad's eyes. He seemed to be studying me.

"Better let me have that railroad transportation of yours and I'll see if I can get the money refunded." This came out of a clear sky. He said it so calmly, too.

I was stunned. I couldn't reply. How did he know? Was Dad a mind reader?

"Come on, son," he continued, "hand it over."

I stood there transfixed. I couldn't move.

"You don't want to do anything like this," Dad went on. "Why, you'd break your mother's heart. Come on, be a regular fellow and forget all about it, and listen, son, the next time you want to run away, you come and tell me about it, and we'll all run away together, the whole four of us. What do you say, boy, eh?"

Tears came to my eyes. When Dad saw this he came over to me, patted my shoulder, and said, "It's all right, son, I understand. I was a boy once myself."

I dug for the railroad tickets and handed them over. I hung my head. I couldn't look up. I was too ashamed. Dad gave me another little pat on the back and said, "Thanks, son," and started toward the door. When he got there he turned around again and changed the subject.

"O, I forgot to tell you, George. I watched you from the first entrance tonight and I honestly believe you did the best song and dance you ever did in your life. You're getting to be a good performer, young fellow, sure as you're born. . . . Well, good night, son."

"Good night, Dad," I answered.

And he left the room.

I STOOD there dumbfounded, listening to father's fading footsteps as he walked through the hall from my room to his own. I couldn't fathom the thing at all. Where had he got the information?

Later on I learned that the ticket agent from whom I'd purchased my transportation, and to whom I'd talked a little too much about "breaking into Broadway," had smelt a rat and sent word to the theater that "the Cohan boy would bear watching." I never guessed this at the time. It was all a great mystery to me.

After several more attempts at trying to figure the matter out I dismissed it from my mind and began to unpack my grip. I tore up the good-by message I'd written to mother, grabbed a pencil and pad of paper, sat down, and started the first act of a mystery melodrama.

I had written several pages of manuscript when all of a sudden the pencil dropped from my hand and I fell over the table sound asleep. My dream was all about New York theaters, music publishing houses, and famous actors and actresses with whom I was hobnobbing along Broadway.

"Surely you know Georgie Cohan." Nat Goodwin was introducing me to Lillian Russell. A voice from behind shouted. "Hello, Georgie, how are you, kid?" and Joseph Jefferson came running up to greet me.

"Hey, George! I left two seats in the box office for you in my name." It was Charlie Hoyt hollering to me from a passing hansom cab.

"When do you start building your new theater, Mr. Cohan?" inquired Roland Reed as he tapped me on the shoulder with his gold headed cane to draw my attention.

I was just about to recite a new poem I'd written to Sol Smith Russell when Gilmore's band came marching through Thirty-fourth Street playing one of my latest tunes and *THE NOISE WOKE ME UP.*

I undressed, said my prayers (asking the good Lord to make my dreams come true), jumped into bed, and slept like a new born babe till mother brought in the rolls and coffee.

---

*Self-assurance—Well, George M. Cohan had plenty when he made his début in New York City, but his "turn" somehow fell flat. Not a hand greeted him. But read about his initial experience in the metropolis and his trials and tribulations in the second installment of his wonderful career in next week's issue.*

# LEAVE It to MOTHER

*One silhouette was added to one silhouette, but the sum of the two was only one silhouette.*

## *A Short Story of a Movie Idol's Love Affair*

*By CHARLES H. FINAN*

Pictures by WILLIAM A. HOTTINGER

"DARN!" Casting a malevolent glance at the utterly blameless expanse of Long Island Sound, Larry Alison slumped into a seat beside Mrs. Winthrop on the Hotel Beachview verandah.

"For the sixth time," he grunted, "for the sixth time in seven days your beloved daughter has presented me with the well known gate."

"And what"—Mrs. Winthrop twisted round and faced him—"is it this time, Larry?" she asked sympathetically.

"Tonight's dance at the Mapleshore. Same old stall. Previous date. She's out golfing with him, now . . . O, damn moving picture companies, anyhow!"

"Laurence!"

"Pardon. . . . But when a feller follows a girl from New York down to South Harbor, only to have a no-account spick with a silly grin cut him out cold. . . . Just because he happens to be a movie extra or something——" A sturdy toe worried the floor.

"Well——" Mrs. Winthrop smiled enlightenment.

"Well what?"

"Most American girls are incurable romanticists. Probably that explains these foreign actors' success in pictures. They make love that throbs—like in our popular novels. While American men are like you, Larry."

He snorted: "Huh! Good old Larry, she's known all her life—red-headed and freckle-faced—*without* the dazzling smile. Blaah!"

Mrs. Winthrop gazed with approval at the

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features inspiring such derogatory comment.

"I think Rosalie likes you," she soothed. "Only I doubt if she knows it——"

"Keeps it well hidden if she does." Larry looked down to where, toward the lower end of the verandah, a pulchritudinous blonde was taking leave of an oil-haired, swart gentleman.

He arose and made for the door.

"Going to the dance tonight, Larry?"

"Aw . . . suppose so. Late."

A smile crept over Mrs. Winthrop's face as he passed within the portal; but it immediately gave way to a frown, indicative of much cogitation. Then, as her daughter approached, frown gave precedence to an expression of placid innocence.

"Hello, Mother!" Rosalie Winthrop dropped her knickered slimness into the seat but lately vacated by Larry. "I've had the most wonderful time!"

"So it would seem." Her mother was still looking down at the swart gentleman. "With Fernando—again?"

"He's perfectly adorable! We went down while they 'shot' the picture."

Mrs. Winthrop darted her daughter a glance. "Like him a little, don't you, Rosalie?"

"You should have seen him fight!" Rosalie's eyes shone. "In the picture, I mean. . . It was a knockout!"

There was a pause.

Rosalie arose. "Well, Mother, I must dress——"

"You're going to the dance, of course?"

Rosalie turned at the door. "Why, certainly," she said.

"With——?"

"Fernando."

"H'm," Mrs. Winthrop murmured as Rosalie disappeared.

She liked Larry Alison and his honest, self-deprecating sturdiness. Too, it was glaringly palpable that Larry more than liked Rosalie. And for the greater part of the summer—up to the last week and a half, in fact—it had seemed as though the feeling were reciprocatory. Until——

The fly in the ointment was this Fernando person.

When the Pantheon Pictures Corporation had decided to film "Sahara Sands" on the burning desert of a Long Island beach—that was economy. And when the fast becoming popular Fernando Para had been selected to play the male lead—that was sagacity. When the aforesaid Fernando had elected that the Beachview should be his abode while sojourning in South Harbor—that was fate. But when, of all those comely damsels summering thereat, he chose Rosalie Winthrop to dazzle with his presence—that was calamity, pure and simple!

"H'm," said Mrs. Winthrop, and her brows ridged. A quiet, unassuming woman, Mrs. Winthrop. But capable.

CAME ten o'clock, as all subtitlers put it, and the weekly dance of the Mapleshore Club. A fox-trot was at its height when Mrs. Winthrop arrived. As she entered the ballroom a voice hailed her, and a small, round man arose to greet her.

"Hello, Mr. Masters." She smiled. Masters was the director of "Sahara Sands."

His mouth crinkled with pleasure. "Have a seat?"

"Aren't you dancing?"

"Not I. Fact is, I'm absolutely tuckered—with all these hard days on the set lately——"

He launched into a dissertation upon the difficulties incidental to directing, which was presently interrupted by a voice:

"Hello, Mother—Mr. Masters!" A radiant Rosalie flashed by, in the arms of the redoubtable Fernando.

"How do you do, *señora.*" Oil-haired and dapper, though slightly recessive-chinned, Fernando made the most of his greatest asset—his remarkable teeth—as he spoke.

MRS. WINTHROP "h'med" in her throat. "Too good to be true," she murmured. "And I *don't* like to be called *señora.*"

"Brmph!" It came from Masters. His voice was contemptuous. So contemptuous that Mrs. Winthrop looked at him.

"One would imagine," she said, "that you didn't particularly care for your leading man."

Masters grunted: "He's the most troublesome lead I've ever worked with. And conceit—he *is* the word! The man's in love with his infernal smile."

"I've noticed his teeth."

"Well, this picture's script calls for a fight scene. First, he kicked like a steer—tried to make me cut it. Finally, I had to make the fellow playing opposite fake hitting him in the face. He might"—Masters became heavily sarcastic—"he might get his mouth cut, you see. Brmph!"

"I see . . ." There was a pause. Then, without divulging whatever cryptic significance might lie embodied in her silence, Mrs. Winthrop arose and went out to the desk in the lobby.

"And you think"—she was saying some three minutes later to the clerk—"you think you know a good man, Steffens?"

Steffens grinned. "Just the fellow. Bissle, one of the stable boys. Tough—every time he looks in a mirror—he shivers!"

"Fifty dollars—impress that on him, Steffens."

"Fifty? This baby'd kill a man for ten!"

"All right. And attend to Mr. Para's car."

"You bet." Steffens disappeared to the rear. Five minutes had elapsed before he returned, holding a small metal object in his hand.

"Houdini," he said—"Houdini himself couldn't get a car started with the distributor-plug out of its timer. . ." He winked.

"Fine," Mrs. Winthrop nodded understandingly. Smiling a satisfied smile, she strode majestically out upon the verandah and selected a seat near its darkest corner, though invisible therefrom. Her selection was not without motive; for, almost immediately, came the voice of her daughter:

"That's just a line, Fernando. You don't really——"

"Care for you? Ah, Rosalie mine, I could *die for you!*"

It was a slightly flushed Rosalie who came out from her seclusion some moments later. Mrs. Winthrop was rocking back and forth, gazing dreamily out on the rippling waters of the sound.

"Where's Fernando?"

"Dropped over for cigarets. . . . O, Mother," Rosalie cooed, "I'm having the most *gorgeous* time!"

"One would," said her mother, "on a night like this. Such nights were made for romance.

"Why, my dear, I can remember just such a night twenty-five years ago—your father and I walked along this very beach—the same two miles between here and the Beachview."

"Yes?" Rosalie showed interest.

"I've often thought," Mrs. Winthrop went on in a detached voice, "if we hadn't left the carriage behind and walked he never would have proposed. . . . Your father was always a diffident man——"

Having eventually arrived, the bereft Larry was standing in a morose heap near the doorway when Mrs. Winthrop looked into the ballroom a little later.

"Larry. Aren't you dancing?"

"Me?" The bereft one directed a venomous glance at Fernando, who was blissfully contorting again with Rosalie. "Can't even rate a word in edgewise. But"—with determination—"I'll stick it out if it takes the whole summer, darn it!"

"All right, General Grant." Mrs. Winthrop moved off, taking a seat near the main entrance, where, unobserved, all arrivals could be witnessed—also departures.

Thus a half hour passed. Then there came in a vexed Castilian accent:

"Bother it, Rosalie! I shall have to ask someone to take us back to the hotel——"

"But why?"

"My car—it is strangely stuck. The garage mechanic will have to go over it."

There was a pause.

Then: "We might," Rosalie's voice came softly, "we might walk back along the beach, Ferdie."

"It's not necessary."

"I'd like to, Ferdie."

"Well"—Ferdie was gallant—"anything you ask—it is a command to me."

"Along the beach, then." Gradually becoming fainter, footsteps moved down the verandah. . . .

"H'm," said Mrs. Winthrop. She arose and went back to the desk. "Steffens," she said, "you might tell Bissle now—have him wait at my car."

She swept into the ballroom again. An exceedingly perturbed expression grew on her face as she came up to Larry.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"It's about Rosalie."

"Rosalie? What's happened?"

"Nothing yet. . . . But she and Fernando have started back along the beach . . ."

"Well——?"

"They'll have to pass that *awful* factory workers' district, half way." She was palpably worried. "You know how dark it is . . . And that part of town's got a bad name——"

"Well, *he's* with her, isn't he?"

"Which means nothing." Mrs. Winthrop's shrug was so contemptuous that Larry smiled. "I—I'd appreciate it," she broached, "if you'd follow them along—just to be on the safe side——"

"Maybe——" With the belittlement of Fernando—such is the male of the species—Larry's chest had arched. "Maybe it wouldn't be a bad idea."

A faint smile tugged at the corners of her mouth as she watched him go. . . . Then——

"Back into town, Cory," said Mrs. Winthrop to the chauffeur, "and out along the Beach Road. . . . And Bissle"—she turned to the Hairy Apish individual seated beside him—"remember—aim for the mouth!"

"Yeh." The utterly disreputable Bissle grinned. He was obviously one of those choice mortals who enjoy a fight for its own sweet sake. "Gotcha the foist time. Right on the kisser."

The car rolled off, gathered momentum, and shot down the road.

"HERE we are, ma'am," said Cory at length, opening the door. Mrs. Winthrop got out, looked around.

They were perhaps a hundred yards back from the beach. To the right stood a single

*Ferdie got up. But, propelled by a beautiful right to the mouth, he promptly went down again.*

deserted shanty, from whose entrance sagged a decrepit door.

"You, Cory," she directed, "get the car behind those trees. . . . Bissle—come with me."

They entered the cabin. Minutes passed, then——

"O, Ferdie!" Footsteps, padding on the beach.

"Rosalie!"—Fernando's voice.

"Now!" Mrs. Winthrop whispered. Bissle arose, hulked out, and down toward the beach. Mrs. Winthrop moved to the cabin's broken window.

"Ferdie—you say the cutest things!" came from Rosalie.

"But, my Rosalie, what I say I mean, do I not?"

Hand in hand, they were sauntering along in an unconscious sphere of their own, when an altogether sluggish-looking person slouched into their oblivion.

"'Lo, Sweetness!" Bissle grinned toothlessly, tipping a dirty cap. Playfully, he poked her in the arm.

The pokee became thoroughly incensed. "Of all the—Ferdie!" She turned to her escort. "Attend to this—this——" Words failed her.

But not Ferdie. That gentleman grandiloquently pointed. "Go!" he choked. "Quick—before I——"

"—what?" Curiosity seized Bissle as he stepped nearer. "Before you what?"

Ferdie appraised him. "Before—before I shall call the police," he finished weakly.

"Cops?" Bissle laughed. "Say, guy, there ain't a bull in miles. . . ." He delivered his ultimatum: "This jane makes a hit wit' me, see? Me—I take what I want. Aw right—yuh want her. Aw right—yuh gotta fight fer her."

"Kill him, Ferdie," said Rosalie ardently, and with serene confidence.

"Yes," Ferdie agreed colorfully. "Of—of course."

"Ha, ha," laughed the uncouth Bissle.

Then he closed in. It became increasingly evident, after the first exchange of blows, that the dashing Ferdie who fought in pictures and the Ferdie who now fought on the beach were divergent halves of a Jekyll-Hyde personality.

"Ow!" he cried, as a blow over the eye felled him.

"Get up, Ferdie," said Rosalie, not so ardent as before. Illusions were being shattered.

"Yeh—get up," invited Bissle, grinning.

Ferdie got up. But, propelled by a beautiful right to the mouth, he promptly went down again.

"My mouth!" He got up slowly this time, palpably coming to a decision. One can always get another girl. But when one's mouth helps materially to one's fame——!

"Come on!" Bissle made a threatening move.

Two flying Castilian heels pounded the sands.

"You miserable coward!" cried Rosalie, near tears.

"*Ain't* he the yella one, though?" Bissle commiserated. "Ain't worth a damn. . . . Me, though," largely, "I'll take care of yuh. . . ." He enfolded her in a powerful and yet tender embrace.

"Help!" From bitter thought of the un-

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*"And what"—Mrs. Winthrop twisted around and faced him—"is it this time, Larry?"*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN]

faithful Ferdie, Rosalie awoke to her peril. She struggled.

"Coming!" called a familiar voice.

"What the——?" Bissle turned to face this new complication.

A red-headed fury threw itself upon him. "Pull a thing like this, will you?" gritted the fury as they went to the ground.

Immediately both settled down to the business in hand. Five vigorous minutes, and it penetrated the groggy Bissle's unintelligence that too much was far more than enough. Whereupon he wriggled from under, arose, and dashed madly down the road.

Came a chastened voice at length: "Larry. . . . I've been a darn little fool——"

"No, you haven't."

"I have, too. But——" there was resolution in the voice, "I won't be again." Footsteps moved up the beach. . . .

"H'm." Mrs. Winthrop waited no longer. She left the cabin, went back to the car.

A slightly damaged Bissle was awaiting her thereat, but the immediate acquisition of five ten dollar bills served as a miraculous lotion to his wounds.

"T'anks," he said, moving off.

"Now, Cory," Mrs. Winthrop directed, "back to the Beachview . . . fast!"

Seated on the deserted verandah, she was calmly rocking when a lone, swarthy figure, carrying a suitcase, stole out and down the road. And when, after an interval, there came crunching on the gravel walk, and the sound of voices:

"You go down to the pier. I'll follow along."

"All right."

A grinning Larry came bounding up the porch. "Mrs. Winthrop," he said, "I want to thank——"

"Thank——?"

"I'm no fool. Been thinking coming up the beach. I'm wise."

"Well," said Mrs. Winthrop. "I never did care for conceited, oil-haired persons who called one *señora*."

Then, "But neither," she continued impressively, "neither do I like inquisitive, red-haired young men who fail to embrace Opportunity when it fairly shrieks."

But Larry was gone.

It was some ten minutes later that there came a refutation of all known mathematical laws. One silhouette was added to one silhouette, but the sum of the two was only one silhouette.

Whereupon, from the general vicinity of the hotel porch, there emanated a long, low sigh of quiet satisfaction. And——

"If you want to get anything done around here," spoke a feminine voice contentedly, "you've got to leave it to Mother!"

THE END

# The FILMING of JACK AND JILL

*Sudden change in public taste demands modernization of the story.*

*An Article by*
ROB WAGNER

Pictures by GLUYAS WILLIAMS

## *Mother Goose Takes a Whirl at the Movies, and Look What They Do to Her Stuff! Even an Author Can't Recognize His Brain Children in Hollywood*

IF YOU wish to fortify your low estimate of moving pictures just listen in some me when a bunch of authors – real authors — are paying heir disrespects to this new nd flickering art. You'll hear rofanities, anathemas, and under words that will literly curl your ears. And inariably you'll hear that old heeze about John Fox and the ming of his story, The Trail of the Lonesome ine.

It seems that John and a friend went to ee the picture and after the final fadeout he friend said, "John, all that's left of your asterpiece is the pine."

"Yes," replied the bewildered author, and *that's* a redwood!"

And the joke is, the anecdote is probably ue. At least it could be true, and I am go- g to tell you why—why all stories are likely suffer (or enjoy) great changes in their anslation from literature to the screen. As ere are in these United States some one ndred and ten million screen writers (I ow of only one person, an undertaker, who not writing a scenario), this inside revelaon ought to be simply bursting with inrest.

In the first place, dear writer, stick this iom on your bedpost, or over your desk, d brood upon it solemnly:

*IN TRANSLATING FROM ONE ART TO ANOTHER THE RESULT IS BOUND TO BE LARGELY THE WORK OF THE TRANSLATOR.*

For instance, Mother Goose writes a story about Jack and Jill, and two illustrators translate it into pictures. Maxfield Parrish shows the classic twain in a decorative attitude backlighted by a cobalt sky. Rube Goldberg, on the other hand, comic-strips the pair of all such dignity and emphasizes the cataclysm of their adventure. When Mother Goose goes to see the pictures she blows up, just like an Authors' League author viewing his first film "adaptation."

*"See how they've 'slaughtered' my beautiful Jack*
*And 'ruined' my innocent Jill.*
*They've 'missed the spirit' and 'lost the point,'*
*And have 'utterly killed' my hill."*

And so, dear writer, when you dash off a scenario or a story and suggest a bosky glen in which your lovers will fade out in a beautiful final clinch, you no doubt visualize a scene out of your own erotic experience. Yet, how am I, the wicked director, to know what's in your mind? Naturally, I shall think of a glen out of *my* experience, the one, perhaps, where I almost lost consciousness in the vampish arms of my Hollywoodland nymph, and the chances are the scenes will be entirely dissimilar.

NOR does the conflict end here, for in motion pictures the selection of a "love lot" will be left to the location hunter. He does the best he can, but finds one that will not be at all like either of ours. So if you have preconceptions of how your scenes will look, you must be prepared for some dreadful shocks. In fact, so impersonal is the art of the cinema —so many minds and so many factors going to the making of the simplest film story—that it is a physical and intellectual impossibility for the finished product to resemble very closely the author's original conception.

Just to show what *can* happen to a story when tossed into the celluloid crucible, let us follow one right through from its purchase to the screen. Imagine, for the purpose, that I am Mr. Geo. B. Hoosis, Production Manager of the Climax Studios. One day I receive a telegram from the New York office reading as follows:

HAVE JUST PURCHASED FOR FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS THE FILM RIGHTS TO ONE OF THE GREATEST STORIES OF ALL TIME WHICH WE ARE SENDING SPECIAL DELIVERY. CHIEF SAYS USE ENTIRE RESOURCES OF STUDIO TO PUT OVER GREAT SUPERSPECIAL.

With the time-honored enmity existing between the eastern and western offices of the company, I am a bit suspicious of these ravings, but in due time the story arrives and I joyfully recognize it at once as one of the great unfilmed classics with which you

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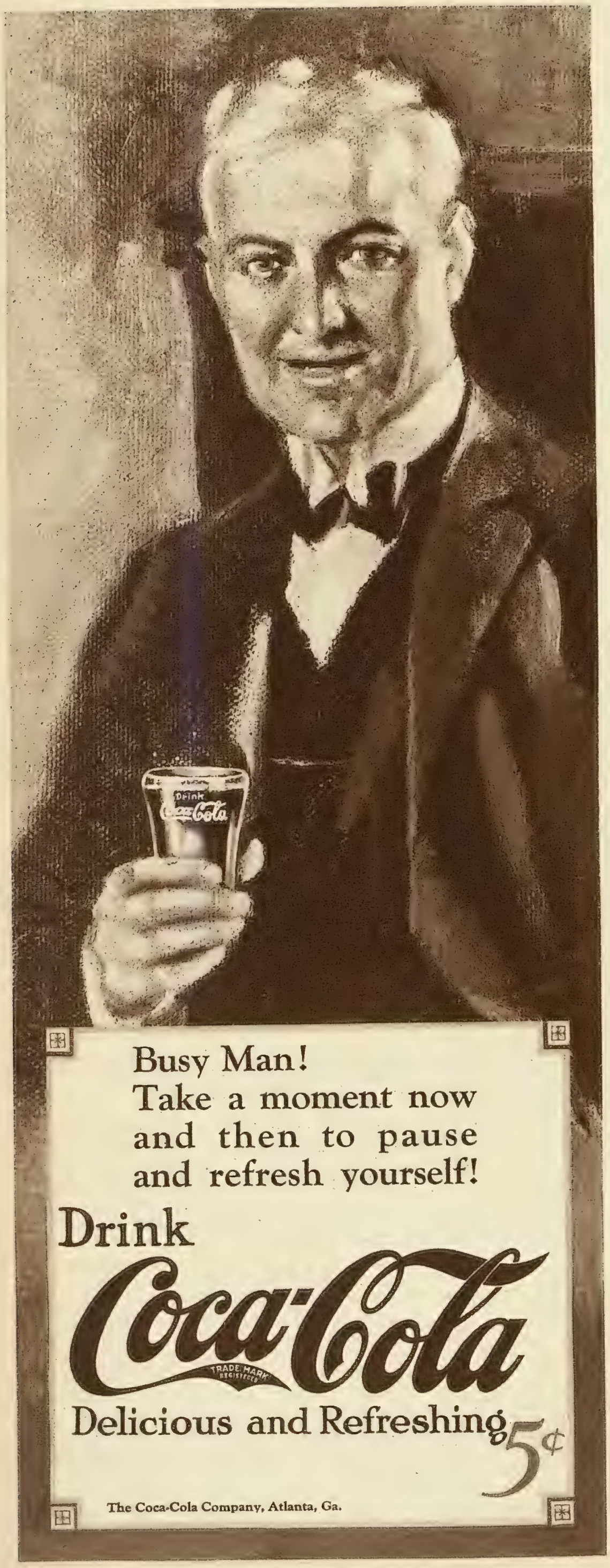



Busy Man!
Take a moment now
and then to pause
and refresh yourself!

Drink
Coca-Cola
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
Delicious and Refreshing 5¢

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN]

are already familiar. I'll not bore you with full details, but here is a brief synopsis that accompanies the manuscript:

STORY NO. 1432
*Brief Synopsis*

In the early part of the Eighteenth Century there lived in England a chap by the name of John Stoke-Pogis, nicknamed Jack by his intimates. In the same town there also resided a little blonde shaver, by the name of Jillette, called Jill for short. Now it seems that these two young people were in love with each other, Jill often accompanying Jack upon his adventures, the most portentous of which was upon an occasion where he set out to fetch a pail of water. The journey led up a long, interminable hill and, when near the top, Jack, in an attempt to steal a kiss from Jill, stumbled and fell, rolling precipitately down to the bottom, where it was found he had broken his medulla oblongata. And to add to the cataclysm, Jill became so confused with embarrassment that she slipped and fell and came tumbling after.

This is accompanied by a fuller treatment in which the author, Mrs. Goose, gives precise details regarding the hill and insisting that Gloria Gladsome and Herbert Handsome shall be cast in the principal rôles.

I SEE at a glance that the story is pretty thin material out of which to make a superspecial, but I am alert enough to know the value of the title, "Jack and Jill!" For exploitation purposes it is easily worth forty thousand dollars.

My first move is to call in Ben Borden, the supervising editor, and after reading the detailed synopsis he says:

"George, this may be all right as literature, but for film purposes it's worth only the title and the big punch. It lacks conflict and menace and will have to be built up. Furthermore, it ends unhappily."

"Well, suppose you turn it over to Charlie Grant—all he needs is a start to write a bully continuity."

"Yes, Charlie's the man; besides, he's from Frisco and knows all about hills."

Thus Mrs. Goose's fragile little tale, for which she received the huge sum of $40,000, is sent on its way to film translation.

A week later I find this on my desk:

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT
MEMO IN RE STORY
*To Mr. Hoosis:* No. 1432

Regarding the treatment for Jack and Jill beg to state that the Research Department has dug into the files of that period and has given me a wealth of material, much of which can be built into the basic structure. As Carol Classie is on contract, and not working, I'll introduce her as Little Bo Peep, and as Montie Black will be through next week, I suggest him for Little Boy Blue. For a big production number we can use Old King Cole and the Queen of Hearts, and as comedy relief there is Jack Sprat and his wife. I've thought of a bully gag when they both attempt to lick the same platter. There are other characters that will build up the story. One in particular of a boy named Thomas, son of a piper, who appears to have been light fingered and addicted to pig stealing.

I have decided to introduce Tom as the villain, also in love with Jill. This will give us a triangle, and in the episode where Tom steals the pig, for which he receives a sound beating, Jill's heart is so softened by feminine solicitude that she follows him to his room to comfort him. Instantly, with diabolic purpose, Tom takes advantage of Jill's tenderness, locks the door, and swallows the key.

We will hold this for suspense.

In the meantime a little bird has told Jack of Jill's danger, and he is hurrying to her on horseback. This gives us a fine, big situation in which Tom tears horribly at Jill's pinafore, while we keep cutting to Jack doing an obstacle race in his efforts to reach his sweetheart's side before the worst happens. This will gain sympathy for our principals, while holding to our suspense.

Then after the big punch, where the two come tumbling down the hill, I have presumed that they are taken to the emergency hospital, and during their convalescence, being thrown so intimately into each other's company, they leave their wheel chairs, fly into a clinch, and we fade on their happiness. GRANT.

HAVING O. K.'d this treatme Grant prepares a continuit and then in conference with Do gan, the director, the three of go over it scene by scene; wi some minor deletions and additio the final script is prepared a copies sent to the various depa ments.

But our troubles are just begi ning. First, I get a notice fr the State Health Departme which necessitates my sending t order:

Dear Grant:

Because of the hoof and

mouth disease you will have to cut out all scenes using animals. This will mean the elimination of Little Bo Peep and Little Boy Blue. Also, unless you can see some way of tricking the cow jumping over the moon, will have to cut the Hi Diddle Diddle sequence. HOOSIS.

The very same day this is left on my desk:

CASTING OFFICE

MEMO IN RE PRODUCTION

*To Mr. Hoosis:* No. 782

I am sorry will have to disappoint Mrs. Goose regarding her leading characters, but neither Gloria Gladsome nor Herbert Handsome are available. Handsome is signed up for a horse-opera serial out at the Mamouth, and Gladsome is doing a grass-skirt comedy-drama in Honolulu. I know Stephane Swell and Nick Nobby are not the types, but as the script calls for a long fall down hill they are the only two for whom I can select convincing doubles. Nor can I cast Don Dunkirk for the part of Tom, as he is all off villain rôles ever since he went over as the heflapper in The Kiss That Killed. Rest of the cast O. K. WHITE.

Then comes this:

LOCATION DEPARTMENT

MEMO IN RE PRODUCTION

*To Mr. Hoosis:* No. 782

Have looked everywhere for a hill as per script, but find there are none in or around Los Angeles not covered with come-on bungalows or real estate signs. Harris reports one, however, over on the edge of the Mojave Desert, absolutely devoid of advertising, but when the owner learned it was wanted for a motion picture location he held us up as per usual and we'll have to pay $1,000 a day to shoot it. Is this O. K.?

WHEELER.

Calling in the accountant we figure two weeks' work at $1,000 a day; the cost of transportation for seventy-two people, including cast, technical staff, and camp cooks. This, plus insurance and studio overhead, brings the cost up to $37,000. No, it will be cheaper to build the hill on Stage 4. So I order its construction. Then comes this:

CONSTRUCTION DEPARTMENT

MEMO

*To Mr. Hoosis:*

IN RE PRODUCTION

No. 782

I note specifications for building a hill on Stage 4, running up through roof to height of 400 feet. I regret to state building ordinances of city forbid structures of such altitude. Furthermore, we cannot use tank at the bottom for water hazard, as Fitzwilliam is going to stage sinking of Titanic there on the 13th. Couldn't the action be played against black velvet on the dark stage and double exposed on a miniature hill?

SNYDER.

Why didn't I think of that before? In our greatest extremities we always lean most heavily upon the resourcefulness of the camera men, and so I call in the head of the department.

"THERE'S a better way than that, Mr. Hoosis. We can shoot the scene on the level, by elevating the cameras and having the actors lean at an angle of thirty degrees."

At last we are all ready when this long night letter arrives from the New York office:

SUDDEN CHANGE IN PUBLIC TASTE SUGGESTS ADVISABILITY OF MODERNIZING JACK AND JILL. EXHIBITORS SAY COSTUME STUFF IS OUT. NOTE SCHEME FOR CHANGING HILL. BETTER CUT OUT HILL ENTIRELY AS POSSIBLE INFRINGEMENT ON "OVER THE HILL." ALSO SOFT PEDAL BEATING OF TOM, AS CENSORS WILL OBJECT ON GROUNDS OF EXCESSIVE CRUELTY. ELIMINATE EATING OF PIG, AS MANY OF OUR BEST PEOPLE OBJECT TO USE OF PIG AS FOOD. OMIT SCENE OF MY SON JOHN GOING TO BED WITH HIS TROUSERS ON. PENNSYLVANIA BOARD OF CENSORS OBJECTS TO BEDROOM SCENES, AND JOHN'S STRANGE ACTIONS SUGGEST USE OF STRONG DRINK, WHICH IS OUT IN OHIO. NOTE YOU HAVE MADE TAFFY THE THIEF A WELSHMAN. THIS WILL BE OFFENSIVE TO A FOREIGN COUNTRY. MAKE HIM A MEXICAN.

After replying that I have substituted scene of Four and Twenty Blackbirds Baked in a Pie for the eating of the pig I receive this:

CHANGE SONG OF SIXPENCE TO AMERICAN MONEY. ALSO SUBSTITUTE SOFT DRINK FOR KING'S POCKETFUL OF RYE. KANSAS CENSORS ARE ALL OFF RYE. ANIMAL DEFENSE LEAGUE WILL OBJECT TO BLACKBIRD PIE ON GROUNDS THAT BIRDS MUST HAVE BEEN ALIVE DURING BAKING, ELSE HOW COULD THEY SING WHEN IT WAS OPENED. CUT OUT PIE.

Thus, bit by bit, is our great classic destroyed, until we have nothing left but the title—when along comes this:

AFTER CAREFUL CONSIDERATION HAVE DECIDED THAT TITLE JACK AND JILL POOR BOX OFFICE ATTRACTION. JACK SUGGESTS PLAYING CARDS AND JILL AN ALCOHOLIC MEASUREMENT. OFFERED PRIZE OF THREE DOLLARS FOR BEST TITLE, WON BY MAMIE GATZ, ONE OF OUR STENOGRAPHERS, WITH THE NEW TITLE, "LEGS AND THE MAN." THIS OUGHT TO PACK 'EM IN.

DISCOURAGED? There is no such word in motion pictures. I call in the supervising editor.

"Sam," I say, "it's the same old story. We've got to can the whole works and make an 'original'."

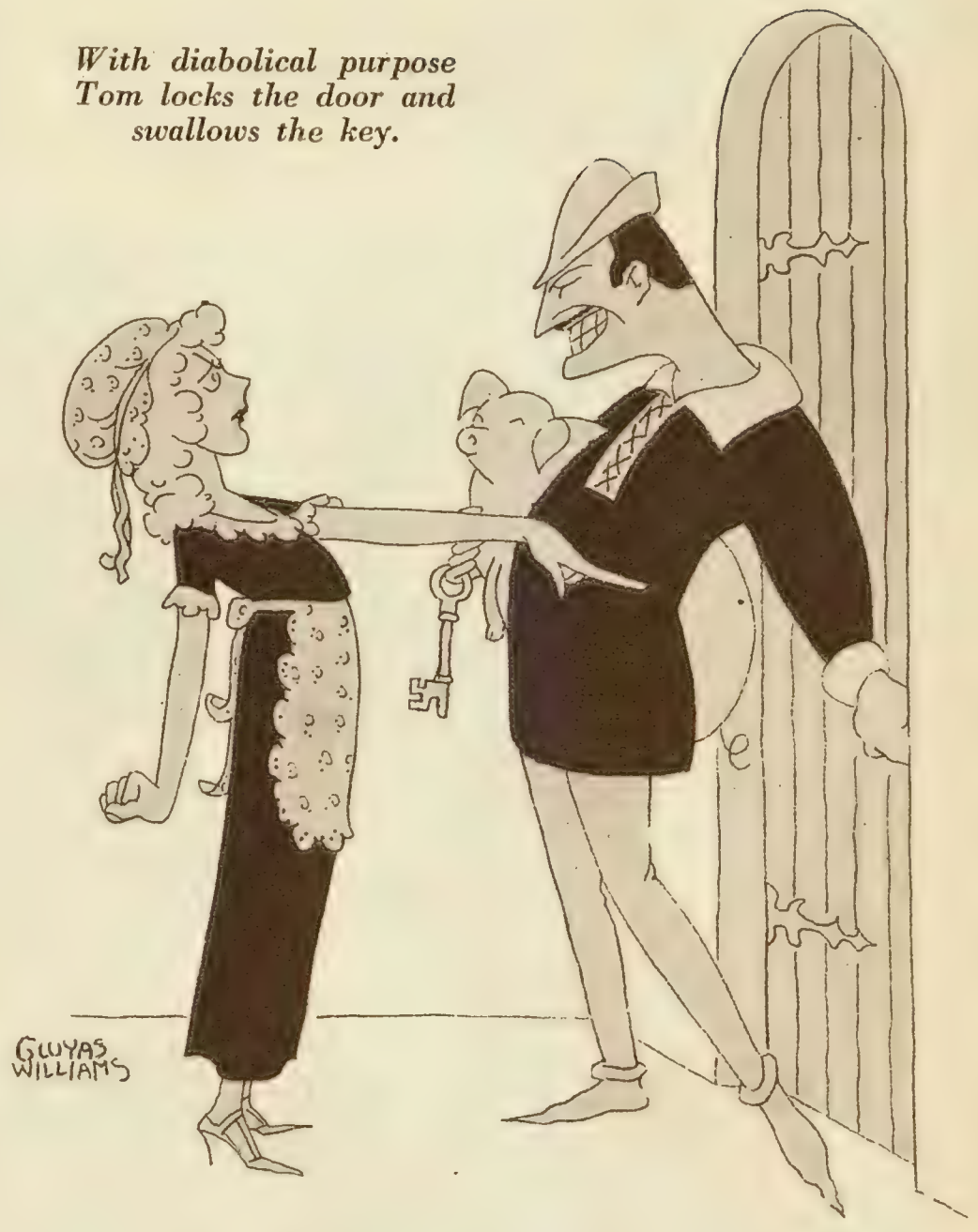
"That's easy," he replies with his usual assurance. "We'll retain the characters by changing the names to Edgar and Hortense; make the hill allegorical—the Hill of Life. They will climb the hill, stub their moral toes, and fall sinfully; recover, ascend again, and clinching, dissolve against the setting sun."

Of course, all these things do not happen to every one of our stories, but some of them do, and all of them could. Besides, there are fifty other vicissitudes not even mentioned that may edit our translation. So it is easy to imagine the blank look of surprise—and maybe chagrin—on the face of Mrs. Goose when she pre-views her favorite story.

But while you are sympathizing with the dear lady, don't forget her splendid compensation. Forty thousand dollars is a lot of jack—and she still has her Jill.

THE END

*With diabolical purpose Tom locks the door and swallows the key.*




*They leave their wheel chairs, fly into a clinch, and we fade on their happiness.*

# THE RUBICON

By CLIFFORD RAYMOND

*THIRD of a series of stories with a Boy Hero, whose guide, philosopher, and friend is the stern but gallant shade of Mad Anthony Wayne. Each story, however, is complete in itself.*

***He sprang with the diving tackle, which had been taught him in football, for the burglar's legs.***

WHEN Anthony heard that he was to be elected president of the Socrates Literary and Debating Society he said "O, no!" After the football season he had looked forward to peace. His "O, no!" was eloquent of panic.

Mad Anthony Wayne, who led him into everything he was afraid to do, had made him play football and, although he dreaded it, he had done it much too well. The Socratans were freshmen and sophomores in obligatory forensics of a Friday afternoon. They were going to have Anthony as their president to honor a little miracle of the football field and nothing he could say about it made any difference.

For Anthony it was bad enough to take the affirmative in Resolved, That the Roman Empire Advanced the Cause of Humanity, or read an essay on Thoughts on Greek Civilization, but to sit on a platform and direct a program was indescribably worse. It was impossible.

He said "O, no!" in the oratory of dismay and he repeated "No" and "No" and "No" with all the firmness and determination he could, but no one paid any attention to him.

"You've got to take it, Anthony," said Agnes Holt. As if Mad Anthony were not enough complex in his cosmos, he had this earnest little daughter of the fabulous Angus Holt trying to upset his world by spurring him into things he was afraid to d

"I thought I'd have a rest now," he sa gloomily. "I'm just going to have one."

"O, Anthony," said Agnes, "I want you be so big."

"I'm never going to be," said Anthon still gloomy. "I was born little."

Anthony had a stockaded fort in a thick on a hill slope in the open country. It wa his secret and his arcanum where he could his real self, a taciturn officer of the Cont nentals, and when shadows gathered about could steady a grim, ragged line of men who wrists were raw and coats were tatters,

# *In Which Young Anthony, Desiring to Lead the Ragged Continentals, Is Instead Made President of the Socrates Literary Society—And Then Gets Himself in a Scrape by Helping a Young Lady Catch a Burglar!*

hold their fire and meet the charge of Europe's best troops with steel, for honor.

He had a shack within the stockade, a stove he had built of old range pieces and pipes. He could cook potatoes, command his men, read his books, and be entirely happy in any weather.

He stole away to his fort, with this new misery of the Socratans threatening him, to find composure and get new determination for resistance. From a box of books under a bench in his shack he took The Spy and, after he had built his fire, read until almost dusk.

THE December day had had a glow, and now at evening mists came into the upland from the valley. Anthony stood before his stockade. In the mists was a line of lean faces with the shimmer of steel. The line snapped into present arms. The ragged Continentals were at command.

There was a beat of horses' hoofs and Mad Anthony, coming thundering out of the dusk, swung from his charger's back and stood leaning on his sword. Anthony saluted.

Mad Anthony's keen eyes scrutinized every military detail in the line. Then he turned to Anthony.

"Men are better," he said, "for elegance and confidence of address. Courage first, but after that there are desirable things. It is good for a man to have an ease in public appearance, to respond to a toast or propose one to his excellency, the commander in chief. Or to argue a matter of general importance. I have never envied Mr. Patrick Henry. He is, I think, specious. But I could wish for myself some of Mr. Adams' solid attainments."

"Yes, sir," said Anthony to Mad Anthony. He knew what was meant. It was a command. He had to take the presidency of the Socrates Literary and Debating Society.

"A man should never be afraid of appearing honorably in public," said Mad Anthony. "The base of courage is confidence. The base of confidence is experience, training, discipline."

"Yes, sir," said Anthony.

"Lieutenant," Mad Anthony cried.

A misty stripling stepped forward and saluted with his sword. "We march now," said Mad Anthony, swinging back into the saddle. There were commands, and all the lean faces, the stripling lieutenant and the general on his charger were gone in mists which came up from the valley and their footfalls died away.

Anthony went home to supper.

HIS first ordeal with the gavel was just as bad as he could have imagined it to be. Owlish little Paul Spoor, whose large spectacles implied unnecessary and unreasonable intelligence, handed him, in the usual procedure, a slip of paper carrying the title of Mr. Spoor's recitation. It was Toussaint L'Ouverture. Anthony had to announce this. He tried to pronounce it to himself. He could not. The room was full of strange faces. They dared him to pronounce that title.

He arose and announced Mr. Spoor in a recitation. He sat down abashed. Everybody must know he had flunked something. Life

Pictures by W. B. KING

was too much for him. Certainly Mad Anthony was too much. The Socrates Literary and Debating Society made football seem a simple, childlike pleasure, and all of the worst was to come.

The Socratans gave two parties a year at which the rigors of the intellect were softened by the social graces. Anthony never had gone to these parties. He didn't want to. They meant girls. Girls, other than Agnes, who did not count, were things in books.

You found them first in Hans Andersen and the Brothers Grimm and other fairy stories—Cinderella, Snow White, the Sleeping Beauty. Later Cinderella became Rebecca and Snow White became Rowena. Then Snow White might be Queen Elizabeth or Zenobia.

They might be maidens of Massachusetts Bay Colony walking to church and he might be shot in the hat with three arrows while seeing that with his blunderbuss the maiden parade came safely to the sermon.

NOW, as president, Anthony had to go to the party, and fate had something in store for him. It was a malevolent fate. Don Harlow was sick. Don had a girl. He was center of the football team, weighed one hundred and seventy-two pounds, a strapping boy. His girl was a strapping girl, Anna Stirling. She was almost as big as Don. She was nearly a foot and a half taller than Anthony and weighed fifty pounds more than he did.

Don had the grip and Anna was left without a beau. Anthony, being known to have no girl, little Agnes not counting, the expedient seemed inspired. This was Mad Anthony at his worst, his very worst.

Anthony could have found it possible to take Agnes, that beautiful little wisp of a princess who belonged in a book, but Agnes at fifteen was too small for such parties. How, he wondered, could any cavalier of his proportions maintain anything alongside Anna except the appearance of a tug boat by an ocean liner?

The man is measured by his spirit, said Mad Anthony, and not by his size. Napoleon could have been carried in the knapsacks of his grenadiers.

The Socratans had been almost as firm as Mad Anthony in putting it on him. As president he had to attend. Who did he think he was to come without a girl? Who did he think ought to take Don's girl? Or did he think they ought to leave Don's girl flat just because Don had the grip? Or did he think one of them ought to ditch his own girl and take Don's? Anthony heard the voices of his associates, but he capitulated to the voice of Mad Anthony. He accepted his duty.

He could hear the drums as he marched himself to the home of Miss Anna Stirling to make a call and to ask her for the honor of her company. Rub-a-dub-dub. Rub-a-dub-dub. The flags were flying in the breeze. The Hessians would get a start this night. The ragged Continentals were leaving bloody footprints in the snow. Forward, men! Anthony was at the front door bell.

Mr. Stirling answered the bell. He was in his slippers and had taken off his collar, a comfortable householder.

"Hullo, Anthony," he said. "What's up? What you doing here?"

"I'm calling," said Anthony.

"Calling for what?" Mr. Stirling asked.

"I'm calling on Miss Stirling," replied Anthony.

"Then I guess you'd better come in," said Mr. Stirling.

Anthony did.

"They usually put their hats on the rack here," said Mr. Stirling. He was grinning. "And their overcoats. But you haven't any overcoat. What do you mean, Anthony, by running around at night in this weather without your overcoat?"

"My mother makes me take it," answered Anthony, "but I leave it in the fence corner. The Continentals didn't have any. I think maybe we're getting kind of soft."

If Mr. Stirling understood Anthony it was but vaguely.

Mrs. Stirling appeared. She was a good mother to six children. Successful motherhood seemed to entail obesity. She had a kind face.

"Good evening, Anthony," said Mrs. Stirling. "Did you come for the cheese cake recipe I promised your mother?"

"He's calling on Anna," explained Mr. Stirling, who seemed to be more than politely amused.

"O!" said Mrs. Stirling, taken back, but recovering quickly. "Come right into the parlor, Anthony, and I'll call Anna. She's in the kitchen."

Anthony sat stiffly on half the seat of a red plush chair by the upright piano and looked at a crayon portrait of Mrs. Stirling's father, done from a photograph after the worthy citizen's death. It stood on an easel. He heard Anna's voice.

"Mother, what *does* he want? It's a nuisance."

"Now, Anna," said Mrs. Stirling. "He's a nice boy, even if he is little."

Anthony was rigid. This was no place for him. His place was the camp and field. Anna came gushing in. Anthony learned the perfidy of women.

"Anthony!" she cried. "I'm *so* glad you've come."

After what he had heard her say!

"Miss Stirling," he said, "the midwinter party is Saturday night, and Don's sick, and they thought I ought to ask you to go with me, and I'd like to have you."

"That's nice of you, Anthony. Maybe I oughtn't to go when Don's sick. But maybe he'd want me to go. Yes, I'll go. Sit down, Anthony. It's awfully nice to see you."

"I've got to be going home," said Anthony. "I just came to ask you."

"O, won't you stay?" Anna purred, but Anthony would not stay.

He had shot his invitation and he bolted. He took his overcoat out of his fence corner and felt a great peace when he was back in his chair by the base-burner, a port after storm.

Anthony decided the next day that the thing to do was to put the party in the line of mili-

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tary duty. He could not convert Anna into a belted Hessian or a feathered redskin, but he could get himself into the military state of mind completely, be Mad Anthony in person and spirit, and go to a military ball.

The day of the party he spent at his stockade. It was a lovely day, one he liked, with close gray horizons and snow in light flurries of dry crystals, weaving, eddying, and streaming with eccentric whirls of wind through the thickets where chickadees flickered and sang.

Close gray horizons were pleasant because the imagination could go so far beyond them. A bright day carried the vision, but gray was the medium of illusion.

Anthony took command. He stationed his outposts. He received reports and dispatched couriers. As a careful commander he went himself into the brush on reconnaissance. When all military dispositions were made he lighted the fire in his stove, took The Spy from his box of books, and settled down to read. He never had been disturbed in his arcanum. It was hidden in the out of the way thickets. The farmer who owned the land had given him permission. The farmer himself had once built shacks.

Anthony went home to dinner but ate little, which worried his mother. After dinner he went out with four large raw potatoes bulging in his pockets.

"Where are you going now, Anthony?" his mother asked.

"Nowhere," said Anthony.

"What in the world have you in your pockets?"

"Nothing," said Anthony.

That was not intended to deceive. It was a way of saying that the explanations would be long and were unnecessary. Mrs. Wayne sometimes wondered if she understood Anthony. If she had she would not have worried about his appetite.

On the way back to the stockade Anthony met Agnes. She was riding her pony.

"Where are you going, Anthony?" she asked.

"Nowhere," he said.

"I'll go with you."

"O, no. You couldn't."

"Why not?"

"Well, I'm busy doing things and I've got to be alone."

She did not persist.

"You're going to the party tonight with Anna Stirling, aren't you? You picked out a big enough girl."

"I didn't pick her out," said Anthony, flushing, seeing his impending predicament as a tugboat to an ocean liner.

"I wish I were going with you, Anthony," said Agnes. "Maybe, some day."

She rode away through the snow flurries.

Anthony in spite of his dread, probably because of it, had a wonderful afternoon, reading The Spy, making the rounds of his stockade, cooking his potatoes and watching the light snow dance by the panes of glass.

*They felt their way into the basement, climbed over the coal, and got out by the coal hole.*

AT dusk he went home. He was Mad Anthony. He ate his supper, evading questions or answering them with monosyllables. He was Mad Anthony as he dressed for the party in his Sunday clothes. He put on his black satin breeches with chased silver buckles at the knees. Corporal Trim had powdered his peruke and had polished his high heeled shoes with the silver buckles until they were mirrors to the candle light. Old Aunt Miranda had given that fond touch of the born laundress to his linen and his laces. It was poetry of virgin white at his wrists, at his neck and in the graceful ruffled lines which arose above his embroidered waistcoat.

It was true that a weather-beaten face was set in this softness of Miranda's poetry of soap, sun drying and a delicate genius of starch. War eyes, but with a twinkle. War lips, but with a smile. A chin that never compromised. There were, among other anatomical details, knees which bowed only in gallantry to women.

A military coat of blue edged with buff completed Anthony's party costume. The dark Miranda had come to the door in an artist's scrutiny of her work. She was satisfied, smiled, said: "Law's me, Gineral," and went away.

Corporal Trim buckled on Anthony the sword General Washington had given him and handed him the gold headed ebony cane which was a present from his friend the Marquis de Lafayette. Anthony was ready to go to his coach.

As he went out his mother said, "I hope you have a good time, Anthony, and won't be too awfully late. We'll put the key under the front door mat for you. It will be 'way past our sitting up time."

At the coach door Corporal Trim asked, "Shall I wait for your honor at the coffee house, or will you be going with General Washington for a cold joint after the ball?"

"You needn't wait, Trim," said Anthony. "The evening is yours."

"Thank you, your honor," said Corporal Trim. "I'll spend it with my old mother, who is poorly these days, and I think she'll bless you, the poor creature."

"That reminds me, Trim," said Anthony. "I have been intending for some time. Give your mother this token of my regard."

He pressed into Corporal Trim's hand ten dollars in a bill of Mr. Hamilton's new currency.

"O, your honor!" Corporal Trim exclaimed. The coach drove away. Both Anthony and Corporal Trim were happy.

WHEN Anthony, calling for Anna Stirling, saw her in her party clothes surging toward him to greet him and accept him as her escort he did not know whether she reminded him of Cleopatra, Brunhild, or a Sunday school Christmas tree.

As they set forth he tried to suggest at first by intimation and then by covert movement that she take his arm. That was his form of courtesy. Maybe she thought he ought to clutch her at the elbow. Well, he wasn't going to. It wasn't manners.

They walked a block. His intimations were futile. He knew he ought to have said at the steps: "Miss Stirling, may I offer you my arm?" Or "May I have the honor," etc. He had failed there.

When they had gone the block he knew he couldn't say it. The proper time had passed. If she only would take his arm. It was ridiculous the way they were going, he being her swain. He tried to suggest by gentle pressure against her that his arm was slightly akimbo for a lady's hand to nestle within its curve. He bumped her. He actually prodded her several times with his elbow in the ribs, but his suggestions were futile. Anna chatted. He was dumb. They came to the party. Prob-

ably he was in luck she had not rested her hand on his shoulder.

Anthony had thought that parties must be very gay affairs, sparkling, full of color and light, transforming all women into court beauties and all men into gallants and wits. He never quite had understood how this transformation could magically take place in the people he knew, but he supposed there was a magic which did it. The Socratans had large rooms on the third floor of the general lecture and recitation building.

As Anna and Anthony walked up the steps they could hear hilarity and Anthony thought such gay laughter must indicate the transformation had been accomplished.

AS a midwinter party it had a Christmas motif. There was a gay tree with presents, little ironies aimed to touch a susceptibility or a tenderness of the recipient, to hit the Achilles heel but not cause blood poisoning.

A giddy girl was at the piano, and a semicircle of young people standing by shrieked in song. Chatter was everywhere. Anthony was fascinated, at first, by the nervous surge. Anna was popular. She instantly was snatched from him. He became a chip on a billow of merriment. He also was popular, but he could not fit himself. Everywhere he turned the merriment was fictitious. No one had anything to laugh about. Everybody was just laughing. There wasn't any wit. Everybody was just saying the same old commonplaces in a shriller tone.

*"A man should never be afraid of appearing honorably in public," said Mad Anthony. "The base of confidence is experience, training, discipline." "Yes, sir," said Anthony.*

Everywhere Anthony wandered it was the same thing. They were having a good time, but merely by being together and being noisy and animated. Anthony did not know that the human herd loves the ecstasy of milling about in compact formation and shrilling.

Certainly it had not been in this fashion when men were men, soldiers by day in the mud of the field, gallants at night with their silver buckles rich in a thousand candles.

Now with little Agnes Holt seated as a marquise in a hall of great brilliance and decorum he could see himself approaching, a wit with a good leg and fine embroidery.

At the distribution of ironic gifts from the tree Anthony was given a tin sword. He tried not to show how hurt he was, but his Achilles heel had been touched. His sanctuary of imagination had been spied upon by someone. Someone knew him. Maybe they all did. He dropped back to the outer fringe of the crowd about the tree. He knew himself then to be unobserved. He backed out into the corridor. It was dark at the farther end. He needed darkness. He took his hat and coat with him and went down the hall. He wanted at first to run away, but he knew he must not do that. The library was at the farther end of the corridor. He came to the library door. The rooms were dark, but he tried the door.

It was unlocked. He opened it and entered the great, dark, warm suite of rooms. His idea now was to escape for a half hour or so from the party and be comfortable by himself. No one would miss him. He left the door open while by the light which came in from the hall he found his way into a corner which was his favorite. It was between the fireplace of the main room and a wall. There was a big chair and a reading lamp, almost hidden in an alcove. It permitted him to be ensconced. That was a sensation of supreme comfort.

He switched on one of the ceiling lights and found a book. It was Mallory's Morte d'Arthur. He had read parts of it at various times in the library. He liked it better than The Idylls of the King, which he also liked. He switched out the overhead light, closed the door, and went back to the alcove with his book. In the nearby wall were windows through which Anthony could see the outdoors, white with snow, roof tops, evergreens, and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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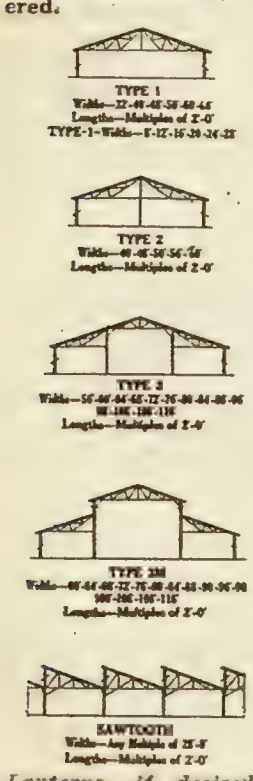
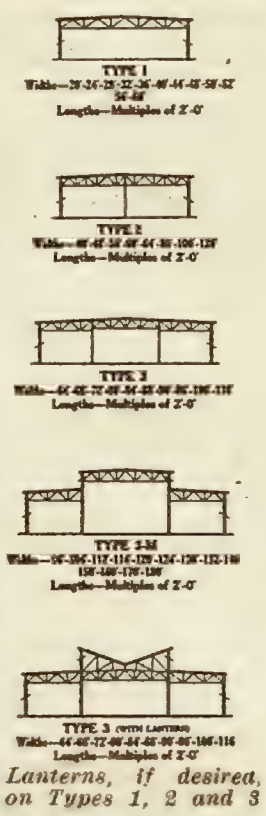



*Lanterns, if desired, on Types 1 2 and 3*

**Series "B"** Truscon "Steeldeck" roof, asbestos covered on all series "B" buildings.

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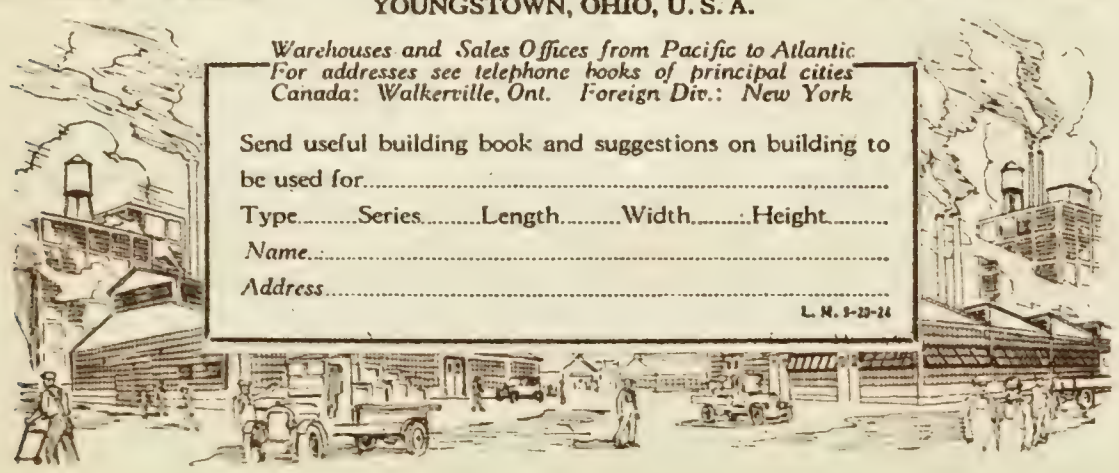


[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

the street where it took a steep grade.

Even as the party had failed his ideal the library rooms satisfied it. They had been Angus Holt's gift. To Anthony they were forever astounding. Except for his recessed light they were dark now, but he knew what they contained, and the glow of that knowledge warmed him and made him feel comfortable.

THERE was armor which the Tower of London or the Cluny Museum would not have disdained. There were mummies from the necropolis of kings in the Nile Valley, engraved stones from Mesopotamia and from Yucatan. There were bits of Druidic Britain, tapestries from Turkestan and Persia, jade and silk paintings from China, and weapons and armor of the two-sword Samurai of Japan.

It was all the gift of the eccentric, fabulous Angus Holt, whose explorations into the recesses of strange things, before his legs gave out, were unbelievable to the townsmen and yet proved in this library wherein Anthony snuggled down with Morte d'Arthur to escape a futile party of shrieking young people who had no more validity than a cageful of excited parrots.

Anthony, in the library by himself, was in the great corridor of time. He tried to read, but the rooms at first were too full of people of whom he was not afraid, Aztec and Egyptian, Frank and Visigoth, Burgundians, Scythians and Dalmatians under Belisarius, the men who died with Roland at Roncevalles, the archers of the Black Prince at Poictiers, the farmers' sons who swarmed around Burgoyne at Saratoga, Servier's men who came down the mountainsides to nail Ferguson at King's Mountain, Morgan's men at Cowpens. There was the roll of drums as Cornwallis marched out of Yorktown. There was the charge at Fallen Timbers where Mad Anthony's cavalry scattered the startled savages out of their coverts.

There was the solemn review of the army, the great pride of the republic, saved in its union, down Pennsylvania Avenue.

Anthony did not read much of Morte d'Arthur, but in this corridor of time, which reached from beyond the Piltdown skull far into the imperial future, he fell asleep.

"Anthony! Anthony!" he heard a subdued voice. "Anthony! Wake up! O, please wake up!"

He wondered who could be at his bedside.

"There's someone else in here," he heard.

He got his heavy eyes open. There he was in the library, and, crazy as it might seem, there was Agnes Holt.

"There's a man in here, Anthony," she said, "and I think he's a burglar."

"There can't be," said Anthony, half conscious. "There's the party."

"The party's gone home," said Agnes in a whisper.

"What — what are you doing here?" asked Anthony. "What am I doing here?"

"Never mind, Anthony," she said in an imperative whisper. "I think this man's trying to steal some of the things my father gave the library. We've got to stop him."

Anthony's situation was unbelievable, but it seemed to be authentic, and if Agnes were really at his side and what she said really true there was a plain duty. That was to get the burglar.

"Where is he?" Anthony asked in a whisper.

"In the room where the safe is with the jewels and silver and gold things."

That was the farthest of the four rooms.

"You stay here," said Anthony.

HE had no natural inclination for burglar hunting. Mad Anthony had.

"I'm going with you," said Agnes.

"No, you've got to stay here."

"I saw him. I'm going."

She took him by the hand and the grasp was so firm and confident that Anthony found it encouraging. Mad Anthony might object to going into an enterprise of danger holding a lady's hand, but Agnes was stubborn and probably she'd make a noise if he tried to put her in her place. Then they'd lose the burglar.

They went hand in hand and softly through the two dark intervening rooms, opening the doors with great care and avoiding the furniture as well as they could.

When they opened the third door noiselessly Anthony knew positively that he was not in a dream. The burglar was at the safe with a dark lantern, the rays of which were centered on the lock. He could be seen outlined against this light.

Anthony released his hand from Agnes' and crept across the soft carpet. She followed him. When he was within striking distance he sprang with the diving tackle which had been taught him in football, for the burglar's legs. He got one of them. Agnes, who, without football instructions, also had made a dive, got the other leg.

The burglar had just solved the combination and, getting up, was opening the door of the safe. The dive at his legs brought him down and his forehead hit the edge of the door. He was a felled ox and Anthony knew it by the relaxing of the leg which he had clutched.

"Turn on the lights," he shouted to Agnes.

If the man recovered before they had him trussed up in ropes or

curtains or rugs or something to hold him they would be murdered. Agnes could not find the lights. Anthony had to release his hold and jump to the switches.

In the light their man lay on his face motionless, with a little trickle of blood on the floor from a cut. Anthony looked about for a cord to bind him. There was nothing but window curtains. He tore two down and got the man's hands tied behind his back. Then he turned him over. He was one of the janitors and Anthony, with a strip of torn curtain in his hands, looked at him in amazement.

"Tie his feet," said Agnes.

Just what had they done, anyway, Anthony wondered. The janitor might have had a right to be in the room. But the safe door was opened. He didn't have that right. Anthony was pretty sure they had not committed an outrage against an orderly employé.

He was stooping to bind the janitor's feet together when he heard a sound outside. It was the sound of footsteps outside in the corridor. He guessed who it was. It was the night watchman making his rounds. He would see the lighted room and in an instant he would be in.

It would not do for Agnes to be found there. He grabbed her roughly by the arm.

"Run," he said, and just as the watchman opened the door they disappeared in a panic through the darkened room.

The watchman found plenty to interest him in the opened safe door and the unconscious janitor with his arms tied behind his back. He had not heard the scurry of the escape.

"What are we running away for, Anthony?" Agnes asked.

"We got to get out," was all he said. He took his coat and hat. They ran down the dark stairs. The entrance was locked.

"Now what we going to do?" Anthony asked. "We'll have to try a window and some one may see us."

"I came in through a coal hole in the basement," said Agnes. "Let's go out that way."

THEY groped their way into the basement, climbed over the coal and got out by the coal hole. That was on an obscured side of the building. They ran a half mile before they felt safe.

"What did we do that for?" Agnes asked as they slowed down to get their breath again. She had been carried off her feet by his determination and swift action.

"The night watchman was coming in," said Anthony.

"What of it?" she asked.

"A lot of it."

"He's supposed to catch burglars, isn't he?" the girl asked.

"Yes, he is; but we aren't."

"But we did," she said.

"Yes, but what business had we being there? What business had you being there? I don't know yet what you were doing there. What did you come for, I'd like to know?"

"I was hunting for you," said Agnes.

"What for?" Anthony asked. "Why do you have to go hunting for me? What started you, anyway? I never heard of such a thing."

They were walking towards her home now.

"Well," said Agnes, as if she were on the defensive, but, if guilty, had justification, "I left my door open when I went to bed, and I was awake when Stella came home from the party. My mother and father were reading aloud downstairs, and Stella came in laughing about you. Nobody could find you when the party quit, and Anna Stirling didn't have any beau to take her home. Stella said they all teased her and wondered where you were, and Anna said she felt as if she had been robbing a cradle and probably your mother had come to take you home to your bottle, which she thought would prove she was a good mother. Then a lot of them took Anna home.

"I got up and dressed and crawled out of my window, because I didn't think you'd run away and leave Anna, even if you didn't want to take her to the party. I went to your house, and I knew you hadn't come home because there weren't any tracks in the snow, and it stopped snowing after you had gone to the party. So if you had come home there would have been tracks.

"Then I went to the college, and I crawled in the coal hole. I just thought you'd do something like you did, and so I went around trying to find you. It was hard in the dark, but I thought you'd be in the library, because my father and I like that best of all. Then I saw this man with a dark lantern in the halls, and I saw him and he went into the room where the safe is. Then I wanted to find you more than ever, and there you were, sound asleep."

"It's dog-gone embarrassing," said Anthony. His imagination was keen enough to tell him that a gentleman who had neglected a big girl by going to sleep and had been rescued by a little one from sleep would be laughed at a great deal. Then his sense of fairness told him that Agnes was a really devoted friend.

"We'll not say anything about it," he said. "Nobody would understand why you climbed through the coal hole."

"But people ought to know you caught the burglar."

"You caught him more than I did. We'll just keep quiet. I hate to have you climbing up those ivy vines."

"It's easy," said Agnes, "and I left my window so I can raise it. Good night, Anthony."

"Good night, Agnes," he said.

He went on home. He did not know what time it was, but he knew he was in a fix. It would help matters a little if he could get to bed without waking his father and mother.

He did. So much luck. That loud clock on the mantel gave one stroke as he went upstairs, the steps creaking under him fit to wake the dead. It might be one o'clock or the half hour of almost any hour of the morning.

Anthony got to bed, undetected and unchallenged. That gave him a breathing spell, a rest before the storm, but he was in a fix. He had taken a girl to a party and had run away from her and fallen asleep. He never would hear the end of that.

He had caught the burglar who was trying to steal the jewel collection, and although there would be more excitement than you could shake a stick at he did not dare tell unless he was caught.

If he was caught Agnes would be found crawling out of her window, crawling through the coal hole, and diving at the burglar's legs with him at goodness knows what time in the morning, all because he had fallen asleep and she had got out of bed to find him.

A lady had compromised herself for him. A fine fix!

Well, thought Anthony as he closed his eyes, if Mad Anthony had any suggestions this was a good time for them.

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*"Audacity—always audacity!" counsels Mad Anthony—and Anthony takes the audacious course, thereby solving all the difficulties in which the burglar episode places him and Agnes. Watch for this crowning story of the Mad Anthony series, in an early issue of Liberty.*

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# Did You Enter the Composite Dog Contest?

## *Five Hundred Lucky Individuals Have Won Five Hundred Pedigreed Dogs!*

OUT OF 43,756 contestants, representing every State in the Union and twenty foreign countries, including Australia, the judges of Liberty's Composite Dog Contest have picked the *five hundred contestants* whose work exhibited the greatest effort and skill. This was no easy task as there were many who showed extraordinary cleverness in building miniature kennels, show rooms, dog farms, and huge picture assemblies to elaborate their answers, as well as a surprising knowledge of the different breeds of dogs.

Among the forty-one breeds of dogs asked for by the winners, the German police dog occupies the place of honor with eighty-nine. Next in number and popularity was the wire-haired fox terrier with sixty, and third was the Boston terrier with 45 requests. In order following, came thirty-eight requests for collies, thirty-seven for chows and thirty for bull terriers.

*WAS YOURS ONE OF THE REQUESTS WHICH WILL BE FILLED?*

# *Watch Next Week's Liberty*

## For the First Names of Winning Contestants

# *Alyce Invades Movieland*

ALYCE MILLS found the limelight focused on her when she won a Pittsburgh Beauty contest. Now she's to make her screen premier in the leading role of the Fox production, Daughters of the Night.

Photo by Ira D. Schwarz.

LET US ALL UNITE IN HOPING that this beautiful young Swedish actress, Kay Gynt, who is touring the United States, will decide to settle down and make a picture here. She has done it before.

# Hose Supporters

*for All the Family*

THE New England factory where Velvet Grips are made is a model of cleanliness, where men and women work under healthful conditions. Important too is the exclusive Oblong All Rubber Button and hump clasp of Velvet Grip which holds stockings taut without twisting or turning because more threads are held than with the circular button.

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# SMALL---But O MY!

*By H. F.*

## *He Was Little and He Started as Stenographer. He Assisted Nearly Everybody, Learned All the Ins and Outs of a World-wide Business---and Now Is Its President!*

ONCE upon a time there was a man named Small, whose job was in keeping with his name, and who, instead of agreeing with the idea that it should be construed Small, smaller, smallest, got the notion that great oaks from little acorns grow.

Instead of being Small, like his name, he grew large, like his ideas, and he now is president of the American Express Company, head of the biggest combined transportation and banking concern in the world, and with a score of men who were as big as their official titles, and no bigger than their jobs, as his assistants.

There never was anything spectacular about Fred Small. He was born in Augusta, Maine, and any one born there in the middle seventies would naturally be serious. Small was serious. He learned stenography, and not even old Sam Pitman took stenography more seriously than did Small. When he learned stenography he found a job with the Merchants' Dispatch Transportation Company. Within a year he went to the American Express Company.

He was stenographer for a year, then teller. Five years passed before he was promoted from teller to chief clerk. Then he encountered one of those seeming injustices of business—he was such a valuable man he was made line auditor, which in the express business is one of the hard jobs. He did not complain. He was line auditor five years, and before that term ended he knew more about the express business than old American Express himself.

SMALL was brought into the president's office as second assistant to everyone—the pinch hitter of the express business. He became one of those fellows (there is one in almost every office) who are indispensable to high officials. He knew more about the work of each official than that official did himself. Whenever Small was called upon to hit for one of the stars he hit hard, and his batting average was high.

He was promoted again—this time to be assistant secretary, and in three years he became secretary, then first vice president. The latter official acts for the president, and whenever he was in the game Small was fattening his batting average.

For some strange reason, perhaps because there were many competing companies, the express business of the United States was behind other great commercial enterprises in development. Small had observed this condition. He saw that the American express companies, which should have led the world, were lagging, failing to develop the foreign fields, to expand when the opportunity presented itself.

WHILE Small had been in active express work he had made a study of the foreign situation. As the express companies united and expanded the fact became clear that the business really is a double one. When this became evident the American Express Company and the American Railway Express Company divided the field, one taking the great task of moving express over American railroads, the other plunging into the field of foreign travel, banking, and service for travelers.

When this inevitable opportunity came and the American Express Company was forced to choose a president, the directors looked over the field and found the man who had been assistant to everyone, who knew the business "from the ground up"—and, in addition, had vision far beyond that of many others in the field.

Small was made president. Immediately he turned toward the further development of the foreign field—and international development. The American Express became really the greatest of international express companies, with service centers in every great commercial metropolis in the world, as well as in many smaller cities.

Small has been a good waiter, a great pinch hitter—and when the chance came he was ready.

THE END

*Monte Blue is feeling extremely annoyed in Her Marriage Vow at finding an ex-suitor, John Roche, kissing his wife, Beverly Bayne. Willard Louis and Margaret Livingston are perturbed spectators in the background.*

# *Her* MARRIAGE VOW

## *In Which Beverly Bayne Returns to the Movies*

A Review of the Film
*By* ALVA TAYLOR

BEVERLY BAYNE has come back. Which may mean much or may mean nothing to you. Her return to the screen after a considerable holiday from cinema performance is in a Warner Brothers production, Her Marriage Vow, an entertaining picture directed by Millard Webb, which may move some of you to tears with its tender moments of mother love, and will doubtless move others of you to mirth with its well directed bits of playfulness, largely furnished by Willard Louis, that most successful fat man of the screen.

It is hardly necessary to say that Her Marriage Vow is a moving picture which has to do with marital problems, one of those pictures which wastes no footage upon the courtship.

"Marriage," says the opening title, or something to this effect, "is not romantic." The picture goes on to show how unromantic is the married life of Mr. and Mrs. Hilton, Monte Blue and Beverly Bayne, respectively, after some seven years, during which time Mr. Hilton's pay check has not represented a colossal sum each week. There is a rich but unsuccessful suitor, Ted Lowe, already mentioned, who bobs up about this time seeking a loop hole in the marriage wall of Bob and Carol into which to thrust his philandering personality.

The whole trouble with the marital relations of the Hiltons is that Bob is one of those husbands who are married to their business as much if not more than to their wives. Which means that he occasionally arrives home for dinner with every intention of returning to the office for some extra work, which endears him to the head of the firm to such an extent that increases in salary are forthcoming and finally results in a junior partnership.

But it does not endear him to his wife, who is thus forced to seek entertainment in the apartment downstairs, where lives one of her many times married friends, who is not the kind of woman the upright husband upstairs "likes to see a wife of his with." Here she meets her former suitor, who pursues her with floral gifts, and finally compromises her in the eyes of her husband by means of intoxicating liquor and an expensive lavalliere, which he manages to hang around her neck when unaccustomed cocktails have reduced her to a state of near helplessness.

A separation ensues, during which the right-eous husband keeps the two children, thus making the innocent wife and mother unconsolingly miserable. She begs her husband to let her return to him. He is obdurate. In a new house, the result of prosperity, he lives a lonely life, loving his wife, but stubbornly believing her unworthy of him, while the babies cry for mamma.

At last mamma feels she must have a look at the children. In a heavy rainstorm she goes to her husband's house, sneaks in, and kisses her children as they sleep. They awaken, beg her to kidnap them. She starts to. There is an overturned chair. The husband suspects a burglar and fires his revolver. She is unhurt. He clasps her to his husbandly breast. She is taken back into the fold, and we are left to assume that everyone lives happily ever after.

Beverly Bayne is charming, and doesn't look any older than when she left the screen. Monte Blue is always a pleasure, although the poor man is always playing husbands who for one reason or another have difficulty in achieving successful married lives.

Willard Louis is getting more and more popular, and does good work in this film.

John Roche is a new player that Warner Brothers are featuring. He makes a handsome villain.

THE END

NEXT WEEK: Rudolph Valentino
in *Monsieur Beaucaire*

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Los Angeles, Calif.
Louisville, Ky.
Madison, Wis.
Mankato, Minn.
Mason City, Iowa
Memphis, Tenn.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Minot, N. D.
Nashville, Tenn.
Newark, N. J.
New Orleans, La.
New York, N. Y.
Ogdensburg, N. Y.
Oklahoma City, Okla.
Omaha, Neb.
Parkersburg, W. Va.
Parsons, Kan.
Peoria, Ill.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Portland, Ore.
Quincy, Ill.
Richmond, Ind.
Richmond, Va.
Rochester, N. Y.
Rockford, Ill.
Saginaw, Mich.
St. Cloud, Minn.
St. Joseph, Mo.
St. Louis, Mo.
Salina, Kan.
Salt Lake City, Utah
San Antonio, Tex.
San Francisco, Calif.
Sioux City, Iowa
Sioux Falls, S. D.
South Bend, Ind.
Spokane, Wash.
Springfield, Ill.
Springfield, Mo.
Terre Haute, Ind.
Toledo, Ohio
Topeka, Kan.
Watertown, S. D.
Wichita, Kan.
Winona, Minn.

*The largest company-owned motor truck service organization in the world. In addition to these company branches more than 1500 dealers, in as many communities from one end of the country to the other, are ready to serve International owners.*

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THROUGHOUT the history of this institution, extending back almost a hundred years, its products have been known all over the civilized world for their excellence, their dependability and the service behind them. Probably no other institution has contributed more to the development of every country of the globe.

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HARVESTER
# TRUCKS
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FOR LOW-COST HAULING

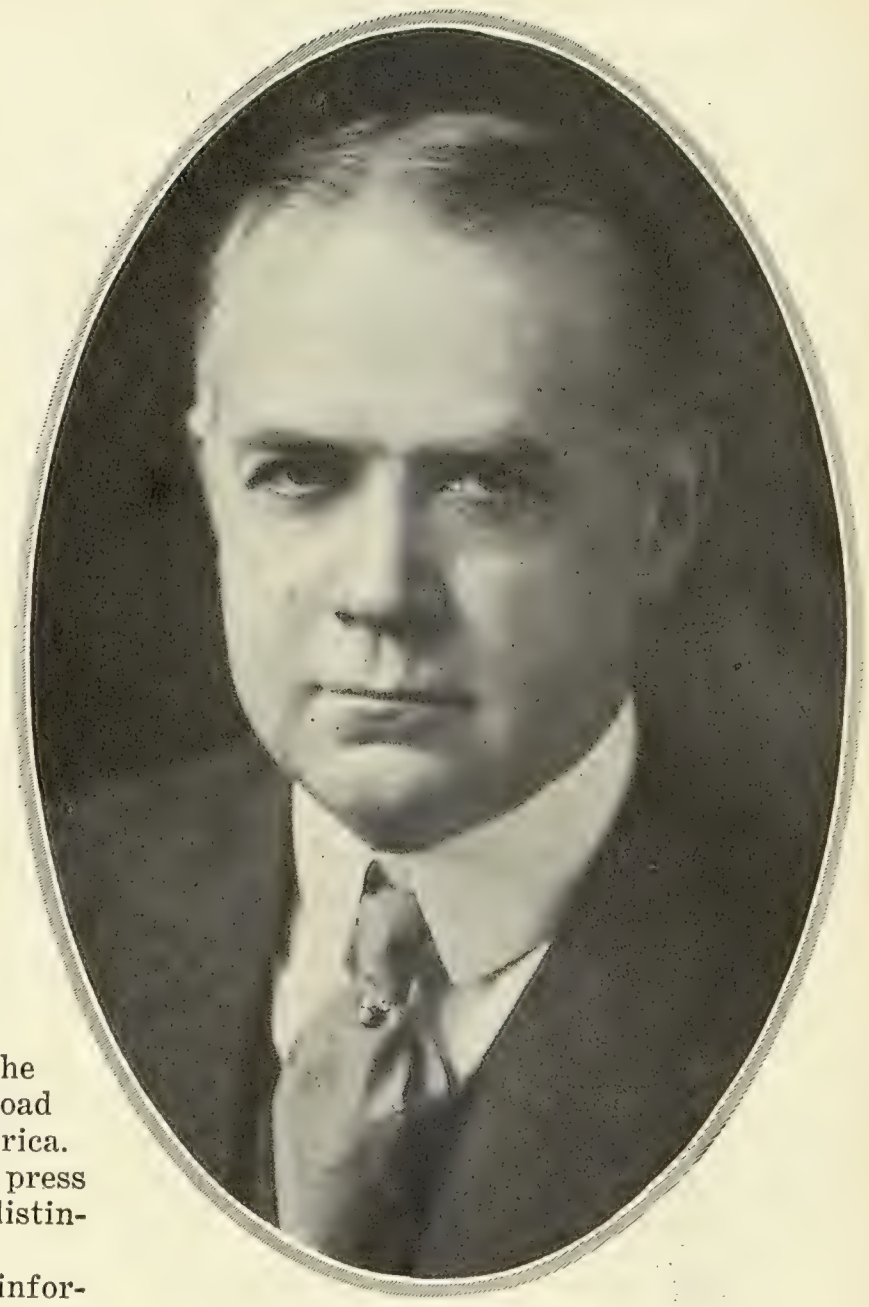
# *How'd You Like to Be in*

# Who's Who?

*Some Interesting Facts About the Fat Little Volume Which Says Who Count and (by Implication) Who Don't Count, in America*

*By* LIVINGSTON AIMES

Picture by ARTHUR LITLE



*Albert Nelson Marquis*
Matzene—Chicago

F you had it to do over again, what roads would you choose to follow toward success in life—and fame?

Would it be authorship, or athletics, farming, fabricating steel, or figuring accounts?

And what sort of a father would you have?

You would better choose carefully, for we all presently reveal that these matters have important bearing on the question of who es. and who does not, thrust his head and oulders above the level of the mass. And, O, s, there's one thing more:

Where would you choose to be born—New rk, Weehawken, Palm Beach, or Gopher airie?

Almost everybody is familiar with the thick little volume, bound in red, whose broad back bears the legend, Who's Who in America. The edition which has just come off the press contains the biographies of 25,357 distinguished men and women.

It contains also some very interesting information as to how celebrities get that way, and likewise some helpful hints to those who aspire to distinction, but haven't yet attained it.

But before we go into the suggestions which Who's Who offers those who would like to begin life all over again, we would better explain that all famous Americans are not included in the volume.

We find, for instance, that Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Bill Hart enjoy the customary paragraph apiece, but that Jack Dempsey, Rudolph Valentino, Thos. Meighan, and John J. McGraw are conspicuous by their absence.

Similarly, Edward J. Lasker and Frank Marshall, who achieved distinction at the world's championship chess tables, are included in the volume; but Willie Hoppe, Walter Hagen, Babe Ruth, and Ty Cobb (who shares with McGraw the distinction of being baseball's most durable celebrities) are out!

Oddly, too, De Wolf Hopper, the actor who discusses athletics, receives entrée, but Gentleman Jim Corbett, the athlete who turned actor, remains on the outside looking in.

Directing our attention to the other sex, we discover that Who's Who acknowledges the notability of Mary Pickford, Theda Bara, and Norma and Constance Talmadge, but ignores the claims of Gloria Swanson, Dorothy Dalton, Natalie Talmadge, and Betty Compson. Likewise, Who's Who says "In" when Eva Tanguay's name is mentioned, and "Out" when it comes to Mae Murray and Corinne Griffith.

"It's a question of serving those who use Who's Who," Mr. Albert Nelson Marquis, the publisher, explained. "We include those who promise to command interest while they live. A man who has written a good play may write another ten years from now—or, if not, people may still be interested in him for his old one. But the sports champion is up one day and down the next. His story belongs to the newspapers, not to us."

And this yardstick covers the sporting fraternity quite well, as Mr. Marquis sees it. The baseball king, the prize ring champion, has his day. When night comes, as it may at any moment, the oblivion is complete—unless the erstwhile favorite has secured a hold on fame in some less ephemeral way. If he does, the portals of Who's Who swing open.

Witness Chick Evans, whose writings on golf won an entrée into the present volume, which all of Chick's triumphs on the links had failed to procure in previous editions!

Perhaps under this rule Bill Tilden, tennis star, whom Who's Who does not recognize as famous, did better than he knew when he defied the high panjandrums of amateur athletics, who insisted that his writings about tennis were incompatible with his amateur status! Watch for him next year.

That accounts for the fame and oblivion accorded the sports champions. There remains the curious problem concerning movie fame.

What basis of classification, for example, could include William S. Hart and omit Rudolph Valentino? Or why include Theda Bara and omit Gloria Swanson?

Thereby hangs a tale—one that will surprise

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

## Some of the "Ins" and Some of the "Outs" in Who's Who

| IN | OUT |
|---|---|
| DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS | RUDOLPH VALENTINO |
| CHARLIE CHAPLIN | THOMAS MEIGHAN |
| W. S. HART | FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN |
| MARY PICKFORD | DOROTHY DALTON |
| THEDA BARA | GLORIA SWANSON |
| NORMA TALMADGE | NATALIE TALMADGE |
| CONSTANCE TALMADGE | BETTY COMPSON |
| EVA TANGUAY | MAE MURRAY |
| FRED A. STONE | CORINNE GRIFFITH |
| DE WOLF HOPPER | JAMES J. CORBETT |
| HOWARD THURSTON | JACK DEMPSEY |
| EDWARD J. LASKER | WILLIE HOPPE |
| FRANK J. MARSHALL | BILL TILDEN |
| CHICK EVANS | WALTER HAGEN |
| EDNA WALLACE HOPPER | BABE RUTH |
| ELSIE DE WOLFE | JOHN J. McGRAW |
| DR. FREDERICK A. COOK | TY COBB |

### *And Here's What You Must Be—or Do—to Be Listed in Who's Who*

1. You are included because of your official position, as, for instance, when you are elected to Congress, to a Federal or State judgeship, or to any other high office in the country. Your name appears in WHO'S WHO if you are an ambassador, a consul, an officer in the army (above the rank of colonel), or the navy (above the rank of captain), a member of the National Academy of Sciences, of Arts and Letters, of Design; a bishop or chief ecclesiastic of any of the larger religious denominations, or head of any of the larger universities and colleges in the country.
2. You are included because of some outstanding achievement in art, science, invention, drama, literature, music, law, business, manufacturing, exploration, or discovery;

And—

3. *You Can't Buy a Sketch in Who's Who!*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

you! For all their reputed craving for publicity, these omitted notables are not in Who's Who for the simple reason they won't send in their biographies!

Why this modesty? Mr. Marquis doesn't know. Perhaps the notables don't, either, in case some secretary didn't recognize the weighty authority of Who's Who, and sidetracked the inquiry. Or maybe they're just naturally modest. No one can tell.

IT has been recognized for some time past that a father is essential to a successful career. But until Mr. Marquis requested Prof. Stephen S. Visher of Indiana University to look carefully into the matter, the exact sort of a father a man ought to choose remained in doubt—likewise, the place where he should elect to be born.

The results of the professor's researches are presented in a monograph entitled, The Occupations and Environment of Fathers of American Notables, which is based upon the facts which Who's Who presents.

To lay the weighty title carefully aside and expose at once the core of the professor's deductions, we find at least two ancient legends, which the American people have pressed tenderly to their bosoms since the days of Davy Crockett and Daniel Boone, reduced to stark ruin.

The first is the idea that the vast open spaces give birth to most of our genius. Or, to state the matter in a little different way—that a brow is best prepared for a laurel wreath by being tanned in a corn field.

By actual count, Professor Visher tells us, every time the farm heralds one famous son, the crowded city produces half a dozen; the little village pushes forth nine, and the suburbs of a large city eleven. Figure your own chances for yourself.

The second of our pet perceptions, which Professor Visher has shattered with a kindly but remorselessly scientific hand, is that the bestowal of brawn upon our children is, in itself, a signal benefaction.

To be sure, it may prove so in some particulars. But it is better to inherit brains. If your father was a professional man, Professor Visher's figures show, you have proportionately one chance in twenty-seven of becoming a notable. If your father kept a store or ran a factory, you have only one chance in sixty-two. If the "governor" milked cows and picked potato bugs, then you're a farmer's son, and only one farmer's son in every five hundred and forty gets into Who's Who.

If your dad supported his family by skilled or semi-skilled labor, you'll have to be a man in one thousand two hundred and fifty before you get a paragraph in the house of fame.

But, alas, if "the old man" were an unskilled laborer and you pine to be famous, Heaven help you! Statistics won't. In fact, the cold figures will inform you that only one unskilled laborer in every thirty-seven thousand five hundred has fathered a son or daughter sufficiently noteworthy to win a place in the volume.

Concerning *where* it is better to be born, in order later to become famous, Professor Visher finds that 89.52 per cent of the 25,357 notables are natives of the United States; 9.8 per cent are of foreign birth; ten were born at sea, and one hundred and sixty-two did not report the place of their birth.

In his effort to determine the relativity of geography to fame, Professor Visher compiled a table which described the birthplaces of famous persons as follows:

| | Per cent. |
|---|---|
| On farms | 25.9 |
| Villages or towns under 8,000 | 24.5 |
| Small cities (8,000-50,000) | 24.8 |
| Cities over 50,000 | 20.7 |
| Suburbs of large cities | 4.1 |

This seems to give the farm the place of vantage and to bear out the old bedtime story that the little boys and girls who live in the country will tread an easy pathway to the pinnacle of fame. But these particular figures happen to lie, as we see by consulting the census of 1870, the one nearest the average birthday of the Who's Who family.

In 1870 about ten per cent of the population of the United States crowded themselves into cities of over fifty thousand. Another ten per cent lived in the small city (eight thousand to fifty thousand). Some 8.2 per cent walked down the main streets of villages with less than eight thousand souls. About 59.9 per cent lived on the farm, while the suburbs couldn't claim more than a scant one per cent of the total population.

And that twists the first figures exactly upside down, for, based on the 1870 figures, the large cities developed 2.1 times as many notables in proportion to total population as the average of the nation; the smaller, more "folksy" cities yielded 2.3 times as many; the villages three times as many, and the suburbs four times as many. But the truly rural sections were celebrity slackers. They produced only about one-third of the nation's average.

A great many funny things happen to Mr. Marquis in compiling Who's Who. Nobody has ever been able to buy his way into the volume—and a couple who have tried to crash in with threats have suffered a like fate. The publisher relates that an indignant applicant for admission, whom he had excluded, once threatened to shoot him. It is common, according to Mr. Marquis, for unscrupulous stock salesmen to propose to admit him to the groun floor of their clean-ups in exchange for a bi graphical notice.

ACTUAL fame does not always mean abs lute honesty.

One prominent author, for instance, fake the date of his birth and gave the wrong i formation about his marriage, education an military service. He claimed to have serve in the East Indian wars and to have receive high decorations. He also claimed a degr from a foreign university; but he made th mistake of choosing a university which did n exist. In fact, all of the autobiographic sketch, except the titles of his books, was th product of his imagination.

On the other hand, modesty is oftentimes corollary to distinction. There was the ca of the Governor of one of the original thirte states who filled in his data sheet without on suggesting he was a governor or had ever do anything in politics.

Sometimes there is a facetious begging the questions asked.

For instance, James Hiram Collins, t author, writes opposite the query about educ tion—"Educated in the University of Kic and Cuffs."

The late Joseph Medill, founder of the Ch cago Tribune, filled out his first data card many years ago that the original is yellow a creased thin. Here's what he said:

Name—Joseph Medill.
Address—101 Cass Street.
Present occupation—Convalescing.
Place of birth—America.
Date of birth—¾ century ago.
Common school education—Ohio in the thirties.
Academic school education—Ohio in the forties.

"And there have been strange uses for book," muses its editor, as he refers to the ti its hearsay evidence was better than an oa

It was when Judge Dickey of the Supre Court of New York was getting his passpo Officials asked him to get someone to make a davit as to his age and birthplace. This was convenient and the justice wanted to take oath regarding the facts. The judge's oa wouldn't do, but the evidence of the little volume was regarded quite legal.

There's another angle Who's Who which deser mention here. Howev much this respectable to corrects many of your tions concerning notabili it adheres to one famil fancy. "Fame endure says the adage—and Wh Who believes this th oughly. Witness the f that Doctor Cook, of No Pole notoriety, still is sa wiched in between an e nent lawyer and an equa eminent educator. Conce ing the doctor's boreal ploits, Who's Who remar "Scientists of Copenha decided, after examinat of data, that papers s mitted of discovery North Pole were insu cient." Nevertheless, Doctor is still listed am America's notables.

THE END

*Here is the son depicted by popular opinion, and the son in fact.*

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It's the unusual sign of an unusual enamel—Ripolin, the original Holland enamel paint. For over thirty years architects the world over have specified Ripolin for interiors and exteriors wherever unusual beauty and great durability were required. Many of the most famous buildings and finest homes in Europe and America are finished with Ripolin.

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*Another True Story of Courage on the Seas---About a Captain of an Ocean Liner Who Sank with His Ship in the War Zone---But Who Struggled to the Surface and Kept Eleven Men Afloat Until Rescue Came.*

# The MAN Who SA

By ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS TURNBULL

Pictures by ANTON O. FISCHER

*None is better fitted to give us the truth about the sea and its many heroes than the author of this series of stories, Commander Turnbull, graduate of the United States Naval Academy, and an officer of the Navy until after the World War. During the war he commanded a division of escort ships, taking convoys through the submarine zone, and later served on the staff of Admiral Sims in London. In these capacities and elsewhere he acquired a rich fund of tales about the weather-beaten veterans who command the world's leading merchant ships. This account of Captain Claret is a sample of the intimate narratives which Commander Turnbull is preparing for Liberty.*

IT was about thirty-five years ago that a youngster named Frank Claret put out from a harbor of Scotland in the old four master Westlothian, to make just one more of the countless British apprentice boys who were feeling the compelling, irresistible urge to go to sea.

In those days the whole wide ocean was still dotted with these boys, busy at scrubbing fine old teak decks, shining pin rails to unbelievable brightness, or squeezing the tar out of standing rigging as they made their way—timidly at first, then with the carelessness of long custom—up from the sheer pole, over the futtock shrouds, and on to dipping yard arms.

Perhaps their spare time—if they had any—was spent in pitching ha'-pence at a deck-seam or in fighting with their shipmates for foc'sle supremacy; perhaps their personal ambitions soared no higher than a third mate's papers; and perhaps their whole education may be regarded, when measured by the scale of modern methods, as elementary and elemental.

But, if one takes a good look at any group of two or three of the steamship captains of today, it is possible to guess, almost without mistake, which ones began in ships of the Westlothian type and which ones are the product of the newer, far less colorful, if more scientific, plan which invention and discovery, radio, and fuel oil, have brought into being.

A skipper of the first variety has a way of constantly cocking an eye aloft, as though to see what sails are drawing well in the working breeze, what "stitch" can be added to coax the chip-log into another half knot; the other never seem to look away from the deck o chart house, where precision instruments a porting, at every instant, just what the r angle is, how many revolutions the turbine making, and whether the patent "clear vi glass bridge screen is being kept clear of by its swiftly spinning vanes.

The veteran of sail is likely to have pe a little less schooling than his opposite nu who was raised in steam alone; but he i likely to be the better schooled seaman. clings, for his shore-going clothes, to the sc double breasted blue serge, cut on "pea ja

*It took the Minnehaha four minutes to go down---four minutes in which to lower away lifeboats, fill them with a homeless crew, and pull clear of the whirlpool*

# D ELEVEN LIVES

s; never is he to be seen going overside in a coat with diagonal pockets or the belt at back, which suggests the shoe clerk or rib- salesman going to keep a date. He affects hard black "bowler" hat, instead of some- g in the fedora line. He still moves over the nd with a stride that hints at feet feeling a ng wooden deck rather than a rubber tiled, ss railed companionway.

inally, admitting that both kinds share the or's tendency to "keep a stopper on the jaw- le," there is a certain fresh-breeze-and- e-sea flavor in what the ex-windjammer does which is disappointingly absent from the talk of the newcomer who is, regrettably, slowing taking over the job of ocean shipping. It is in all these things that the difference lies.

IT seems almost permissible, in this case of Claret, to recall the old saying which tells of "line that is aged in the wood." For, with years of foc'sle and afterguard behind him, years of laying out on the flying jib boom to make a neat furl while the ship was nosing under every other sea, or faking down—coiling, in the landsman's term—unlimited fathoms of wet hawser, no Madeira sent on a voyage around the world could have been any better seasoned than Claret, raised in wooden ships and so prepared to make good in steel, steam driven ones.

Tall, square, deep chested, and genial, he does not need those tattooed links of chain cable, peeping out of the cuff of a long, strong left arm, to mark him to his own.

In his voice a certain resonance, a note of restrained power, suggests that he could, in emergency, hurl an order aloft, through the rising gale, to the ears of the watch, struggling with a billowing tops'l.

And again, it does not need his ready assurance that he would like to try his hand at sailing another Westlothian out of New York harbor to the Azores and Gibraltar, nor yet his hearty experimental shout of "Stand by your t'gall'nt halyards!" to make anybody feel confident that, for all the years that have slipped by under belching smoke, he could still tack ship, boxhaul, or carry sail with the best of them!

IT was in just about the year when the boy Claret went off to sea that "Baker of Baltimore," that picturesque figure in the world of commercial shipping, founded and organized the Atlantic Transport Line. As everyone knows, the line prospered, largely because of its founder's "pioneer mind" and his ardent determination to bring the American Merchant Marine back to that high place which the clippers and East India men had won for it, but from which, at the time that steam came in, it had so sadly fallen. That job is by no means done yet, but there are those who are still struggling to do it.

Young Claret, as a fourth officer, came athwart the line in '98, by way of the Massachusetts. Good sailor that he was, he "clapped on to" that line with a pair of hands that had never learned how to let go—and he has held on ever since.

At the age of twenty-eight he had established what must be very close to a record for modern times, since it was then that he succeeded to the command of the Manitou, and was fairly started in the career of a skipper.

Much water has rolled under his bridge, and many a ship has been his since that day, until now he commands the Minnewaska and is back again in the New York to London direct service which was his owners' particular hobby before the war.

Frequently, while he was still alive, Baker of Baltimore made his trans-Atlantic trips with Claret. Once, as he stood beside the captain on the bridge, a lift in the fog bank showed him the Scilly Islands at what, as a landsman, he thought an uncomfortably short distance.

"O, I've been lots closer than that," said Claret.

So he had. Only a short time before a ship in which he was not captain, but an officer, had been piled neatly upon those very rocks. But his view of them differed from Baker's, who, on reaching London, promptly sent him a pair of binoculars "so you can see to keep the A. T. ships off those damned Scillies!"

There used to be four of these ships, which,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

from their names, were commonly known as the "Minne" class. When the screens of secrecy had been lifted from war records it became known that all the four, beginning with the Minnesota, fell into the bag of the U-boats. The first was torpedoed in the Mediterranean; another, mined off the island of Crete, was beached there, with the greatest difficulty, in time to save all hands. And so on until they were all blotted off Lloyd's Register.

Last year the new "Minne" craft began to come out from the shipyards of Harlan and Wolff on the Clyde, headed by the present Minnewaska. She is some 22,000 tons, or three times the size of the first of her name, but of course she is small beside the Olympic, the Majestic, and her other giant sisters. For all that Captain Claret insists that he would not trade her for any of them. He had to wait five years for a vacancy to get back into the passenger service, and he is as cheerfully, youthfully keen about his ship's general up to date smartness as if he were still an apprentice, placed in charge of a new longboat on her first pull through the surf.

He seems quite as youthful as that, although he emerged from the war with a store of experience, the Order of the British Empire, various medals, and the rank of commander, R. N. R. Most of these came to him from his command, the Minnehaha, engaged, from the outbreak of hostilities, in the humdrum drive of transport duty.

IN those early war days there was not the elaborate system of convoy which was generally adopted after the American men-o'-war became available for the purpose.

Except in rare cases, no screen of broadside or turret guns hung frowning outside the lines of lightly armed merchantmen, steaming on frequently shifted schedules along highly secret lanes; no avenging destroyers, with fantails full of depth charges, waited patiently for the chance to swoop down upon any periscope that dared to poke its cap above the surface for a look about.

The merchantman who left New York or Norfolk or Montreal, loaded well down to her Plimsoll mark with stores of incalculable value to the Allies, had to cut and run for it, pretty much "on her own." If she met a sub on the surface and had a gun of her own she was likely to be outranged and have to make what shift she could to escape; if she never saw the enemy, then she was cut down and crossed off the list.

Captain Claret and the Minnehaha, between them, chalked up to their credit some fifty-two safe crossings. And then the Minnehaha, on her fifty-third trip——

She was heading along the Irish coast, that stretch of ocean so filled with the bones of fine ships that Germans already spoke lovingly of it as the "marine graveyard."

Lookouts were posted, her crew was at stations, and the safe end of one more voyage was apparently only the matter of a few hours.

And at that moment she felt in her side the fatal stab, gave the jarring shudder that, to every man on board, cried "Torpedo!"—and promptly began to sink.

In the day of the Minnehaha's building, watertight compartments were not the ubiquitous and efficient safeguards which they have since become. Where a modern craft might stay afloat much longer, the time it took the Minnehaha to go down was four minutes—four minutes in which to lower away lifeboats, fill them with a homeless crew and, and as the ship disappeared beneath the sea, pull the boats clear of the clutching fingers of the whirlpool.

If anyone who has not had such an experience will count steadily up to two hundred and forty, he can perhaps guess at the chances of a ship's company, in the time it has taken him to do it. Not even the best of discipline can accomplish pure miracles.

The tradition of centuries, of the sea—the "Birkenhead drill," as so many know it, since the day when the Birkenhead went down with her band playing and her marines drawn up at dress parade—naturally held Captain Claret to his bridge while his ship sank under his feet.

But when she was down, when the rushing waters were closing over his own head, there was nothing in tradition which forbade his striking out; on the contrary, it impelled him to do just that—and more, for there was still work for him to do. He struggled to the surface and, for upward of an hour, those long arms and broad shoulders thrust through the wreckage left scattered in every direction, hunting for, finding, and supporting weaker, half-drowned shipmates. In the meantime, that ringing voice shouted encouragement to those already clinging desperately to oars, spars, or hatch-gratings.

At least eleven lives were definitely saved by Captain Claret that ugly morning; it was his effort and his courage which reduced the U-boat's toll to forty-three and gathered the hundred-odd survivors safely on to the life-rafts to wait for the patrol boat which finally arrived in time to rescue them all.

What the commander of that boat got, in answer to his first hail of the Captain, was "Don't bother about me—pick up these other fellows!"

IT is this sort of thing that inspires epic poetry, or supplies the incident around which some famous piece of fiction is built. But all that is written by the outsider, or, perhaps, by the onlooker. In this case Captain Claret's surviving shipmates expressed their opinion upon a plate at the base of the ship's clock which they presented him, in commemoration. His brothers—the Merchant Service Guild and the Liverpool Shipwreck Society—recognized his heroism with medals, and, in due course, the nation decorated him. But as to spinning the yarn himself, he dismisses it all in such words as these:

"O, there wasn't much to that job. You see, I happened to be wearing a waistcoat from Gieve's—the London military tailor, you know—which was a clever get-up and kept me perfectly comfortable.

"I just drifted off the bridge, when the old lady sank, and so I had a chance to shove some bits of wreckage alongside a few shipmates who weren't as well off as I was. Another thing—that waistcoat had a lot of patent pockets, and one of them had a flask in it, so I could serve out a slug of whisky every now and then to the ones that were the worst off. But the cruel thing about that morning's work was being robbed of a fine ship and so many loyal shipmates—that's the part I don't forget."

When he speaks in just that way, Captain Claret shows that he runs steadily upon the course set him as an apprentice boy. He also proves that he is observant and that he absorbs what he sees.

For, when he was a youngster man in the Royal Naval Reserve, and serving his customary allotted time upon His Majesty's ships, he joined one which carried, on a forward gun-deck bulkhead where all hands could plainly see it, a brass plate inscribed with a piece of advice. The underlying idea is so sound and, like most sea language it is so clearly expressed in three monosyllables, that it is perfectly easy to appreciate how it would impress a young officer. And it is easy to understand how, years later, might be copied and pasted, as it were, inside Captain Claret's uniform cap—straightforward, unemotional precept—

"Deeds—not words!"

THE END

*It was about thirty-five years ago that a youngster named Frank Claret put out in the old four-master Westlothian.*

# WELL OILED

By EDWARD S. O'REILLY

*E. L. Doheny.*
P. & A. Photo

*A sample of Mexico's army officers ready for action.*
P. & A. Photo

P. & A. Photo

*President Alvaro Obregon of Mexico.*

*FIRST OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES*

*The big names involved in the Teapot Dome scandals and the more recent indictments—Fall, Daugherty, Sinclair, the Dohenys—have filled people's minds with the doings of the oil group in this country. In the shock of these revelations an equally sensational drama has been largely overlooked—the secret workings, in Mexico, of this same group. Edward S. O'Reilly now comes out with a series of three articles full of startling disclosures about the power of oil in Mexican revolutions.*

*The author, Edward S. O'Reilly, special article writer, is better known in Mexico and along the border as "Tex" O'Reilly. "Tex" knows the Mexicans as well as any writing man. He was a machine gunner in several of the revolutions and was largely responsible for saving the life of the President of Mexico when Pancho Villa had decided to kill him. "Tex" tells of the incident in the third article of this series. All in all, "Tex" was just the man to follow the trail of oil, no matter to whose door it led.*

*As Startling as the Revelations Concerning Teapot Dome Is This Disclosure of How the Same American Oil Interests Have Kept Warfare Alive in Mexico for Their Own Private Ends*

FOR ten years Mexico has been joyriding on oil.

In the battle between rival oil producers for control of the golden flood from the Tampico district revolutions have been made to order, murders committed, land stolen and defended by private armies of gunmen. The recent rebellion headed by Adolfo de la Huerta, which was crushed by President Obregon, was backed by oil producers. Obregon himself has told me that he has documentary proof of this.

In the secret history of the attempt to loot Mexico appear many of the names made notorious in the Teapot Dome scandal. E. L. Doheny, the big boss of the Mexican fields; ex-Secretary of the Interior Albert Fall, Doheny's ally; ex-Attorney General Harry M. Daugherty, and Harry Sinclair again make their bow in the Mexican drama. This sensational secret history is to be found in exhaustive confidential reports now in the files of the United States Department of State and the Department of Justice, as well as in the records of the Mexican Minister of Foreign Relations.

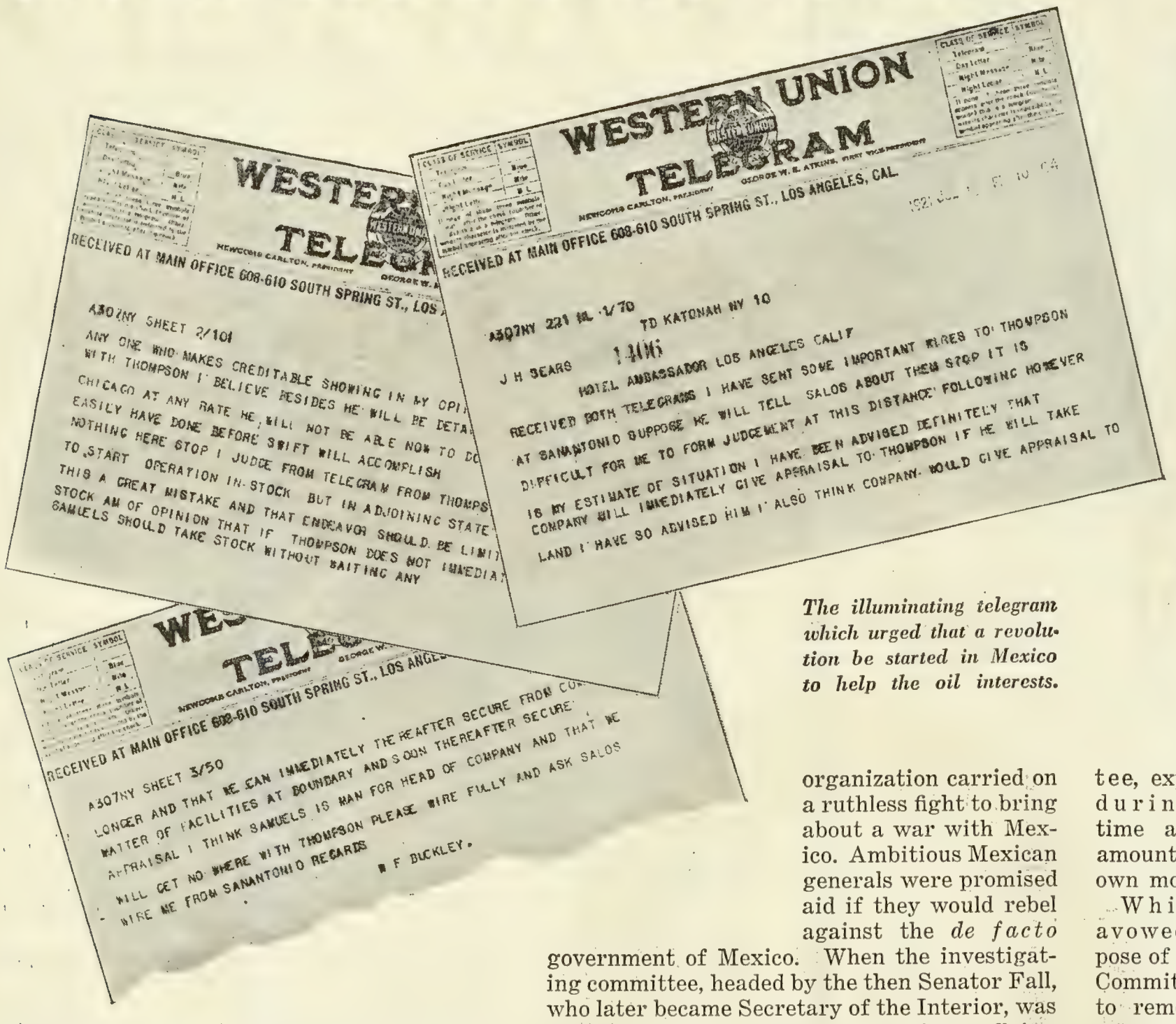
Only the timely action of President Coolidge in recognizing the Obregon government prevented the United States from being dragged into the sorry mess.

IN all the discussions of oil questions in Mexico you will hear constant reference to "Article 27." This is the section of the Mexican constitution in which the Mexican government claims subsoil rights in the national domain.

Article 27 is violently opposed by the oil producers. It is because of this one clause in the constitution that they have fought the administrations of Presidents Carranza and Obregon.

This article paved the way for the levy of both a production tax and an export tax on all oil products of the nation. These assessments, combined, amount at the moment of writing (June, 1924) to thirty-three cents per barrel on crude light oil and eighteen cents per barrel on crude heavy oil. The size of this royalty

# INSURRECTIONS


WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT GEORGE W. E. ATKINS, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

RECEIVED AT MAIN OFFICE 608-610 SOUTH SPRING ST., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A30ZNY 221 NL 1/70 TD KATONAH NY 10

J H SEARS 1416

HOTEL AMBASSADOR LOS ANGELES CALIF

RECEIVED BOTH TELEGRAMS I HAVE SENT SOME IMPORTANT WIRES TO THOMPSON AT SANANTONIO SUPPOSE HE WILL TELL SALOS ABOUT THEM STOP IT IS DIFFICULT FOR ME TO FORM JUDGEMENT AT THIS DISTANCE FOLLOWING HOWEVER IS MY ESTIMATE OF SITUATION I HAVE BEEN ADVISED DEFINITELY THAT COMPANY WILL IMMEDIATELY GIVE APPRAISAL TO THOMPSON IF HE WILL TAKE LAND I HAVE SO ADVISED HIM I ALSO THINK COMPANY WOULD GIVE APPRAISAL TO

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT GEORGE W. E. ATKINS, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

RECEIVED AT MAIN OFFICE 608-610 SOUTH SPRING ST., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A30ZNY SHEET 2/101

ANY ONE WHO MAKES CREDITABLE SHOWING IN MY OPI
WITH THOMPSON I BELIEVE BESIDES HE WILL BE DETA
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STOCK AM OF OPINION THAT IF THOMPSON DOES NOT IMMEDIA
SAMUELS SHOULD TAKE STOCK WITHOUT WAITING ANY

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT GEORGE W. E. ATKINS, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

RECEIVED AT MAIN OFFICE 608-610 SOUTH SPRING ST., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A30ZNY SHEET 3/50

LONGER AND THAT WE CAN IMMEDIATELY THEREAFTER SECURE FROM CO
MATTER OF FACILITIES AT BOUNDARY AND SOON THEREAFTER SECURE
APPRAISAL I THINK SAMUELS IS MAN FOR HEAD OF COMPANY AND THAT WE
WILL GET NO WHERE WITH THOMPSON PLEASE WIRE FULLY AND ASK SALOS
WIRE ME FROM SANANTONIO REGARDS

W F BUCKLEY.

*The illuminating telegram which urged that a revolution be started in Mexico to help the oil interests.*

varies from month to month and is different with each type of oil and degree of refining.

Although Article 27 has stood in the constitution for nearly eight years, an enabling act to make it effective has never been passed by the Mexican Congress. To use an analogy, it is as if the Eighteenth Amendment had been adopted by the United States government but no Volstead act or other enforcement law had been passed.

Mining men in Mexico declare that the Mexican mining laws are fairer than the United States mining laws, since, under "Article 27," Americans can own mines and wells in Mexico, while Mexicans cannot own them in this country. The tax has never been excessive. The oil companies, however, have fought the law with money and rebellion.

FOR many years during the administration of Carranza and Obregon an active campaign was carried on in Washington and throughout the United States to bring about the armed intervention of the American government. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were spent for propaganda.

The National Association for the Protection of American Rights in Mexico was formed, with an imposing list of names on the directorate, but Doheny was the president, and the oil group dominated the organization. Newspaper bureaus were formed, and speakers employed, and for years the American public was deluged with misinformation about Mexico.

Of a still more sinister character was the American Association of Mexico, headed by W. F. Buckley, wealthy oil operator and associate of Doheny. This privately conducted organization carried on a ruthless fight to bring about a war with Mexico. Ambitious Mexican generals were promised aid if they would rebel against the *de facto* government of Mexico. When the investigating committee, headed by the then Senator Fall, who later became Secretary of the Interior, was taking evidence bearing on Mexican affairs, this association collected witnesses in Mexico and paid their way to the United States to give evidence.

Buckley also secured the appointment of his former employé, Francis J. Kearful, as attorney for the Fall committee. Kearful was employed in the office of former Attorney General Gregory during the Wilson administration. Kearful and Buckley seemed to have had control of the Fall investigating committee. While in New York Judge Kearful was in daily consultation with Buckley at the time the latter was in frequent consultation with Mexican revolutionists.

General Blanquet, the Mexican general accused of murdering President Madero, started a rebellion in southern Mexico during the Carranza régime, but was defeated and later was killed. Shortly before sailing from New York to take part in the rebellion he was a frequent visitor at Buckley's headquarters in the Murray Hill Hotel.

During the investigation of Mexican affairs conducted by the Fall Committee, the National Association for the Protection of American Rights devoted its entire attention, said to be at a cost of from $15,000 to $25,000 a month, to conducting propaganda for the benefit of the oil interests. The association failed to give to the Senate Committee any coöperation in the way of securing data and witnesses.

On the other hand, a group of independent Americans (Buckley and others), most of whom have now joined the American Association, devoted their time for a period of six months to gathering data for the Fall Committee, expending during that time a large amount of their own money.

While the avowed purpose of the Fall Committee was to remove the causes of friction between the United States and Mexico, its real work, assisted by the oil group, seems to have been to force intervention.

*An Indian chieftain, typical of revolutionary troops.*

WHAT was going on behind the smoke screen thrown out by Senator Fall? Telegrams in code sent out by Buckley shortly afterward tell the story. A deciphering of one of these secret messages follows:

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM.
Received at Ambassador Hotel
6GS FG Blue
WV Katonah NY 125 P July 26, 1921
J H Sears, Ambassador Hotel
Los Angeles, Cal.
Your wire received. Had two long conferences with Dato [Cantu's representative]. It is true that Calero [Doheny's attorney] has of late seen good deal of HUGHES and reported made good impression. He and Garcia Cuellar [Mexican rebel] have also seen Fall. Latter apparently well impressed with Cuellar. Cuellar has apparently made deal with Huasteca Company [owned by Doheny]. Pablo Gonzalez is working hard and is looked on favorably by Daugherty and other friends of Harding. Several oil

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

# This settles the question of an oil burner

Five years ago we could have announced the most amazing oil burner ever built. We had just spent $250,000 and had finally solved the problem.

But we said nothing. We sold 68 that first year. All of these are still working perfectly.

Now nearly 10,000 are in use and every single user is satisfied.

## The four famous laws

Our engineers discovered four new things about oil burning. They knew of course that only cheapest fuel oil could be considered. It is safe and gives more heat.

They found that oil must be atomized, not vaporized. Therefore we worked out a new way to break up oil into such fine particles that it is now called "nebulizing." This is even finer than atomizing.

They learned that oil must be burned in suspension. This was an astounding discovery. So we planned a burner that would permit this.

Then tests proved to them that oil must be burned in the presence of a refractory material. This again was unheard of. So we brick up the combustion chamber with fire brick.

They discovered that the amount of air that is mixed with the nebulized oil, must be a fixed minimum. We spent months finding a way to automatically get that exact amount.

When these four principles were definitely formulated, then we set about to build an oil burner. It took us years and cost us a small fortune. And not one was installed in any home until we knew that it was right.

These are facts that are important to you. When you install an oil burner, you want to know positively that it is absolutely automatic. That it will burn any kind of fuel oil, the cheaper the better. That it has ample safety devices to assure safety.

OIL-O-MATIC offers you just that kind of oil burner. You never need think about your heating plant again. Of course it is fully approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories.

FREE AUTOMATIC HEATING *will convince anyone that the oil burner question is at last solved. Written from an entirely new viewpoint and attractively illustrated. Send the coupon below for your copy today.*

## Sold on easy terms

Dealers everywhere are now demonstrating this new-day oil burner. Convenient terms enable you to pay for it as you use it. When you see the OIL-O-MATIC, you will never buy another ton of coal.

For the full story of the oil burner that is past the experimental stage, send now for our latest booklet offered in the coupon below.

*Every installation is fully guaranteed*

WILLIAMS OIL-O-MATIC HEATING

This Coupon Brings Free Book on Oil Heating

C. U. WILLIAMS & SON, Bloomington, Ill. L-9-20

Please send me at once your Free booklet, "AUTOMATIC HEATING" giving full information about Oil Heating.

*Name*.....

*Address*.....

Our Heating Plant is Steam ☐, Hot Water ☐, Vapor ☐, Hot Air ☐.


[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

companies working with him. There seems to be division between oil companies, some favoring Cuellar and some Gonzalez. I leave today for Texas via Washington. Will have conference with Fall tonight and will wire you or Cantu direct about this tomorrow. Regards to you both.

E. G. LANGFORD
[Code name for Buckley.]
1203 P.

Governor Cantu of Lower California, Pablo Gonzalez, and Cuellar were at that time fomenting rebellions against the Mexican government. Therefore, while Fall was chairman of the Senate committee appointed to establish better relations with Mexico, he was secretly receiving revolutionists working to overthrow that government.

Apparently all rebels looked alike to Buckley if they would only start trouble. The telegram reproduced on preceding page, also in code, originally, was sent to J. H. Sears, his representative in California. It reads in part:

> Received both telegrams. I have sent some important wires to Pelaez at San Antonio. . . . I have been advised definitely that the United States government will immediately give recognition to Pelaez if he will take Tampico. I have so advised him. I also think U. S. government would give recognition to anyone who makes a creditable showing. . . .
>
> Am of opinion that if Pelaez does not immediately take Tampico, Cantu should take Lower California without waiting any longer and that we can immediately thereafter secure from the United States government all manner of facilities at border and soon thereafter secure recognition. I think Cantu is man for head of government and that we will get nowhere with Pelaez.
>
> . . . . .
>
> W. F. BUCKLEY.

Who was the official who advised Buckley that the United States would give recognition to Pelaez, the hired man of the oil companies? It must be remembered that these revolutions cost the lives of thousands of poor Mexicans.

While Buckley, with the assistance of his friends in Washington, was doing the rough work of the campaign to cause intervention in Mexico, the National Association for the Protection of American Rights in Mexico was working on other lines.

Field agents were employed to speak before State Legislatures, municipal councils, and other public bodies in favor of intervention. A highly paid staff of press agents and "publicists" was turning out propaganda designed to inflame the American people against Mexico.

Charles Boynton, executive director, stated several times that he had told various members of the organization that they "must be very careful to keep *the smell of oil* from the association, for if this was generally known it would hurt the work it is trying to do."

The annual pay roll for the men employed at the New York headquarters alone amounted to fifty-one thousand six hundred dollars. These figures are based on a confidential report of the United States Secret Service. To this must be added the twenty-five thousand dollars a year paid to William Gibbs McAdoo, Doheny's adviser on Mexican affairs.

ANOTHER angle of the plot to overthrow President Obregon is shown in the activities of gun runners on the border. It is openly charged that eleven machine guns and eight hundred rifles, consigned by the United States government to the Texas National Guard during the war, were stolen, smuggled into Mexico, and delivered to the rebels under De la Huerta. Vigilance of any sort would have prevented this bulk gun running.

The most recent chapter in the drama of intrigue was the De la Huerta rebellion. De la Huerta was promised financial aid and pledged the assistance of the United States government. He was told that the border would be kept tightly locked against President Obregon, while he would receive arms from the eastern coast.

For a short time it worked out that way. Then President Coolidge upset the schemes of the conspirators. He recognized the legal government, opened the border to Obregon, and permitted him to purchase government munitions. The Mexican president took the field himself and, in a series of battles, defeated the rebels. It is a fact, as I have previously stated, that several oil companies backed the De la Huerta rebellion.

THE rising storms of protest against American and other foreign oil companies are due to culminate at the next assembling of the Mexican congress. Roberto V. Pesquira, former special envoy from Mexico to the United States, expressed the opinion of many of his countrymen when he wrote:

"These American 'tramps' who have come to Mexico, made their fortunes by outrages against property rights and by abuse of the natives [as was proved in the case of Doheny and his associates], are the direct cause of the ill-feeling toward Americans in Mexico."

---

*Another installment of the story of the Mexican oil situation will appear soon.*

*Dancing---Bobbed Hair---the Movies---Are They Results or Causes of Mother's and Daughter's Unrest? Is the Shattering of Ancient Economic Shackles to Blame? Or Is the Trouble Purely a Hunger for Thrills?*

By Viola Brothers Shore

*If a bob comb and a lipstick are all that stand between her and stepping—well, on with the dance! Let joy be unconfined!*

# *Why* WOMEN *are* DISCONTENTED

Pictures by WALTER FRANK

ACTUALLY I don't believe women are any more discontented than they ever were. Our great-grandmothers were probably a thoroughly dissatisfied lot. But they were too busy to do anything about it. Nowadays we make more noise about everything. And we use up the restlessness and discontent which are part of every human makeup in some way spectacular enough to attract attention and give lecturers and preachers and sob writers a nice, steady, sensational source of inspiration.

In the case of unmarried women, I believe they are not half so discontented as formerly. They dare not be. It would be too much of an admission. If an unmarried woman is discontented or restless, everybody immediately jumps to the conclusion that it's because she hasn't a husband. And nine times out of eight that is the cause.

Formerly when a woman had no husband it usually indicated her inability to get one. Few women voluntarily embraced spinsterhood. It was too meager and barren a lot, stoking other people's hearth fires and getting your reckless dissipation out of minding your nieces and nephews. Whereas today being Miss Unmated hasn't half the terrors of being Mis-Mated. Women were satisfied to marry any man, even if it wasn't The One. Now they won't marry anybody less than The One and then, half the time, they aren't satisfied. If a woman hasn't a husband in these days it doesn't necessarily mean a lack of opportunity to secure one, but a refusal to compromise and accept anything less than a hundred per cent of her dreams.

However, when people speak of the discontent of women, it is usually married women to whom they refer. Spinsters are expected to be a little discontented. An unmarried woman who is perfectly happy is always open to suspicion.

A great many causes underlie the present day unrest among women. Primarily, of course, women have more education and emancipation, two conditions which always make for discontent. Drug people with enough hard labor and ignorance and they are like home brew. It takes an awful lot to get a real kick out of them.

Much restlessness is due to the fact that women are still using 100 HP brains to do 8 HP jobs, because there is no way for them to market the remaining 92 HP for enough money to pay somebody to attend to the 8 HP jobs.

CHAINS of habit are powerful things. But we don't remain long enough in one spot to establish a voting address, much less a habit. Apartments are responsible for the passing of the old home atmosphere and the old home ties. Ruts hold more people in slavery than iron chains. But who ever stays in an apartment long enough to make a crease of recognition on the janitor's face—let alone a rut?

Take the middle-aged women. In the old days when a woman had married off her daughters and had seen her sons established she was ready to think about dying. Now she is just starting to think of living. Formerly she considered herself an old lady. Now she is still a stepper, ready to turn on a record, mix a cocktail, vamp her daughter's young man, or prove in any one of a number of ways that there's life in the old girl yet. This annually increasing army of *step* mothers has helped put the Tango Toad on the map and support him in the style to which he is easily accustomed.

WOMEN'S discontent used to be largely economic. It still is. However, there is another and more dangerous germ, and that is emotional unrest.

There are two general causes which make for discontent. One, the difficulty of getting things you want. The other, the ease.

Hunger of any sort makes women restless. But the thrill hunger makes them more restless than any other kind.

Desires are buds which die in the bloom of gratification. The tragedy of life is that if you want things and can't get them it makes you bitter, and that's too bad. But if you can it makes you jaded, and that's worse.

In the old days the fact that people had to work so much harder to realize their dreams made them more determined to cling to them and enjoy them.

In the country women are discontented because they have no excitement; in the city, because they have too much. Excitement is like hootch. If you never get the craving you can do without it. But once you begin to like the taste of it it's hard to know when to leave it alone. The more you take the more you need,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

# To Youth

## —a few simple shaving facts

HERE'S a way to profit by the experience of your elders—to save yourself from years of tests and trials. Others have made them for you —millions confirm these facts.

A super-keen blade is vital for a perfect shave. *For each shave.* An ordinary, non-stropped blade may give a good *first* shave but dulls with each successive shave until it must be thrown away.

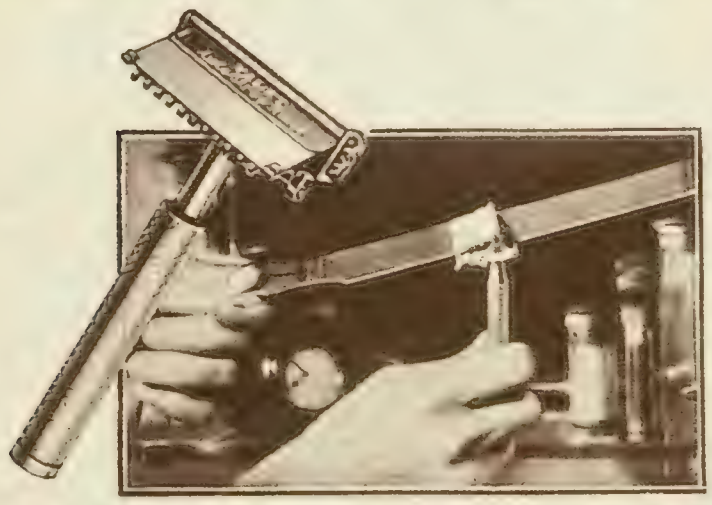
There is only *one* blade that can be automatically restored to new-like keenness. It is an exclusive feature of the Valet AutoStrop Razor.

A few strokes with this inbuilt automatic stropping device insure each blade a barber's edge. No other razor, no other blade can give you such a result. Our patents are exclusive.

A Valet AutoStrop Razor blade gives two or three times the number of shaves—*each perfect*—compared to a non-stropped blade. That's efficiency, you'll agree. If you haven't already adopted the Valet AutoStrop Razor, don't delay longer. It will give you a lifetime of satisfaction—each shave a perfect shave.

# Valet AutoStrop Razor

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



*The* RAZOR *That Sharpens Itself*

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, 656 First Avenue, New York City

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

and the more you need the more you will probably take, even though the doctor tells you it is bad for you.

Of course, a great many women like being discontented and unhappy. The more unhappy they are the happier they are. And to rob them of all cause for discontent would be to steal away the only real joy they have in life.

The depreciation of the dollar has caused a great deal of discontent among sober women not easily tempted by vanity. A woman works and scrimps all her life so her husband can pay the premiums on his endowment policy. And then, when they collect this money they have so long looked forward to living on, they find its purchasing power has been cut in half and is daily growing smaller.

"What's the use of saving?" says the woman. And "What's the use of saving?" says her newly married daughter, just starting along the rocky road to doubloons, via weekly payments.

There are many other causes which contribute to the unrest of women.

*CHILDREN:* A woman used to be pretty busy bringing up her little brood—teaching them—training them. But now they come into the world knowing so much more than their parents that there is nothing a mother can possibly teach them. And that releases women from another of their tribal responsibilities.

*EFFICIENCY* is largely to blame. Formerly a woman had her evenings taken up being a companion to her husband—understanding him—amusing him. But with the increase in numbers and efficiency of the private secretaries there doesn't seem much of this sort of work left for amateurs to do.

IT used to be a woman's job to keep up with her husband, and that kept her hopping lively in her spare hours. Nowadays in order to keep step with him she has to walk backward like a crab, and it gets to be a bore.

*MR. FLEISHMANN* and his yeast are responsible for much of the fermentation that is going on. It just isn't natural for a woman to whom has just been restored the Bloom of Youth, and who besides has her digestive tract in perfect order, to want to stay at home and go to bed at nine o'clock.

*THE BEAUTY ADS* are likewise culpable. How many domestic volcanoes do you suppose have been started by Geraldine alone? A faded woman is not likely to court mischief. And even if she courts it she doesn't always get it.

BUT if a woman is looking her best, and knows she is looking her best (as she probably will) and everybody tells her she is looking her best (as they probably will) and Friend Husband fails to notice it at all (as he undoubtedly will), how long a nap do you suppose the Dove of Peace will get in that woman's soul?

*DANCING*, of course, makes all women restless. They want to go on and on. . . . When a woman has spent one evening dancing she can't wait to spend another. One good dance is father to the desire for a thousand more. Well, one good turn deserves another.

*BOBBED HAIR*, contrary to the general belief, is not a result of the fevered condition of the times. It's a cause. Many a time if a woman had to roll a mean pompadour and eight puffs, gather them up in an invisible net (so-called because you lay it on the bureau and that's the last you see of it, particularly if it's your only one) by means of twenty shell pins and fifteen invisibles (in name only), she'd stay at home. But if a bob comb and a lipstick are all that stand between her and stepping—well, on with the dance. Let joy be unconfined.

And speaking of that, *ELASTIC GIRDLES* may have more to do with the state of women's minds than appears on the surface. Formerly after you got into your whalebones you didn't feel much like unbending—or bending either. You had a desire to stay put.

I PERSONALLY have always felt that the *TALKING MACHINE* was responsible for more broken homes than infidelity or incompatibility or even scallions. A woman who has set about clearing off the breakfast table in the most contented, wifely spirit turns on the talking machine at the place where they left off dancing last night and what happens? Does she feel like pottering around the kitchen sink and after awhile taking a whirl at the mending? She does not! She feels like flinging out her arms, not to mention the mending.

Or suppose she puts on a sentimental ballad by a well known male order song bird. She begins to dream. . . . And how far do you think that gets her with the bathroom floor? Like as not the tenor of her thoughts has little in common with the serviceable but plain features of John Henry.

AND the *MOVIES*. O, the movies! The accessibility of entertainment has made life within the home circle a thing of the past. What woman wants to break her heart trying a get a little clumsy love making out of John Henry when for fifty cents she can see the job done right?

*BUSINESS* is, of course, the most serious cause of woman's unrest. At work a girl meets many men. She is open to a great deal of admiration. She likes it. She even develops a taste for it. After she has married, the old craving comes back to her. If she can satisfy it, she does, and that starts up trouble. If she can't, of course, she writes a novel.

THE END

# TY COBB *Says*—

## *IF GOING STALE*

# DRINK!

*"I Do Not Wish to Be Quoted as Defending Alcohol," Asserts the Great Tyrus. "But There Are Times When It's the Best Thing for a Ball Player."*

*AN INTERVIEW BY*

HUGH FULLERTON

## TAKE A TIP FROM TY

*HE does not believe much in hard and fast rules of training.*

*In winter he walks, hunts, and plays golf.*

*"Forgetting the game and plenty of sleep," he says, "will keep a man in condition."*

*"More ball players tire themselves out standing around hotel lobbies and lounging about hotels than are wrecked on ball fields."*

*He never eats more than two meals a day—a good late breakfast and a hearty dinner. Two cups of coffee, or rather one and a half, are his limit.*

*He puts a limit on his smoking.*

EIGHTEEN years ago a fighting, fiery, clear eyed bundle of nerve, nerves, and sinews, baptized Tyrus Raymond Cobb, broke into the major leagues. After watching him half a dozen games I made a wager that he would not last two years, and predicted he would break a leg or be indicted for killing a second baseman and go out of the business. The other day I went to see him in a New York hotel. He was in bed, a bruise on his hip which would have sent anyone else to a hospital, an electric heater spread over the injury to draw out the inflammation. And that afternoon he got out of bed and led his team to victory over the New York Yankees.

I went to see Cobb to talk with him about keeping in physical condition and to ask him whether he thought drinking alcoholic beverages was injurious. Cobb replied that drinking is bad or good as it is used and that, under certain circumstances, drinking is the best thing possible for an athlete—but never as an habitual beverage.

It is dangerous to tell anyone that drinking may be helpful. Some persons will misconstrue the statement into meaning that getting drunk or drinking heavily helps condition.

COBB did not mean that and would never advocate heavy drinking or hard drinks. But he drank and the great majority of ball players drank, and many of them still drink. Cobb drank champagne. He liked champagne. But the difference between Ty Cobb's drinking and that of many others long since gone out of the game was that Ty drank, as he does everything else, with a purpose. If he was going stale, was beginning to slow up, he hoisted in some drinks which took the edge off his condition and he was in better shape than before.

Practically all ball players I have known have drunk. In fact, the list of teetotalers would be smaller than the number of .300 hitters. And most of them were great ball players, too.

Those who drank beer, ale, and such beverages with a view to preventing staleness, being strong, were able to throw off the bad effects quickly and showed no evil results, but, on the contrary, were benefited.

Johnny Evers, high strung, nervous, drank very little. When he was getting near the breaking point of nerves and in too fine condition, Frank Chance told him to load up on beer—and after a day or two Evers was good for another month. Mathewson drank little and judiciously. Grover Alexander took a drink whenever he felt like it. Hans Wagner never tasted hard liquor, but liked beer. You can run through the list. The fellows who used liquor carefully lasted a long time. Those who abused it went out of baseball.

HOW this will apply to other occupations is a disputed question, but it works with athletes. The British use beer, porter, and ale to avoid staleness, although their old time opinion that such drinks had food value has been largely discarded.

In spite of the arguments of the drys, many business men declare that a little lapse from the straight and narrow, an occasional night out, does them good when they are in danger of being too fine and going stale.

Cobb, after eighteen years of testing his own theories of training and conditioning, after suffering injuries and pains which would have turned nine out of ten persons back to the "sticks," is as fast, is in as good health, has as normal blood pressure, and is as "young" in his nerves and muscles as he was a decade ago.

Some of those persons who read baseball often wonder why almost every writer who knows Ty Cobb declares him to be the greatest ball player the world ever has known—greater than Ruth, or Wagner, or Sisler, or Kelly, or any of the other heroes of the national game.

As explanation I offer this true tale. In 1906 Ty Cobb was with his team in Toledo. For more than a week he had been playing while suffering with an aggravated case of tonsillitis. His tonsils were swollen until he no longer could swallow even liquid food.

Cobb, young, fighting for a place on the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

team, was told that his tonsils would have to be removed. In those days the instruments used in such operations were not far removed from devices of torture. The tonsils were so swollen that they had to be taken out in parts. Seven incisions were necessary and three times during the operation Cobb had to take time out and recuperate on a lounge.

After the operation, weak from pain and loss of blood, Cobb staggered back to his hotel. He played that afternoon. In the fifth inning, wabbling from weakness and pain, he was compelled by his fellows to quit the game and he agreed because it had been won. He walked to his hotel and for five days lived on milk. The pain was intense, but he never missed a game.

Now do you wonder why we think Cobb the greatest player the game ever knew?

Also Cobb is the greatest student of condition and of physical form that baseball has developed—and he learned it all himself.

"I didn't know anything," he remarked, as he turned over in bed to ease the pain of his bruised hip. "Every kid is the same. I reached the stage where kids commence to flex their muscles and compare arms, and if any boy had a bigger muscle than I did I started to work to develop one just as good.

"When I got into baseball I didn't know anything about condition and had to find out from my own experience, and often wonder now that I did not make more mistakes. I used to eat lunch, go out to the park, start playing, get all warmed up and then get sick. I figured that if my stomach rebelled against that, then eating before a game was not the right thing to do. So I cut down on the lunch and never since then have I eaten more than two meals a day.

"That is the way I had to learn—by experience. It was years later before I realized that I had done nearly the right thing, without knowing it and that I was lucky.

"TAKE drinking, for instance: Now no manager with any sense, and no ball player with any sense, will say drinking makes a good man, and I don't want to be quoted as defending drinking. At the same time there never was anything better for a baseball player than beer, ale, porter or burgundy *when he's in danger of going stale.*

"I never defended drinking for beverage purposes. In the old days I saw too many ball players drink and eat their way out of the business to have any delusions about the effect of drinking for drinking's sake or for what they call 'good fellowship.' Nor would I speak a word for hard drinks. But good beer and ale were fine for ball players, taken in moderation, when they were going stale, and staleness is the most dangerous thing baseball players have to contend with.

"You see a ball player has to keep just below 'the pink' of condition all the time and hold that condition for seven months. It is hard work. We go stale, get too 'fine'—and slump in the work. There was nothing like beer or ale to take the edge off and put a fellow back in shape—if used properly. Mighty few used it right. The general idea was to make the condition plea an excuse to take too much.

"I always smoke cigars—two a day—and play with cigarets. I don't really smoke cigarets, just puff at them and never inhale, and I put a limit on smoking because I find that more than two cigars makes me nervous and cuts my breath.

"Two cups of coffee, or rather one and a half, is my limit, and even that much isn't so good, although I do not think it hurts me. I eat a good breakfast late and a hearty dinner after getting thoroughly cooled, rested and recovered from the strain of playing a game.

"THE best way to get in condition is to keep in condition. I never permit myself to get out of shape, or get fat. In winter I hunt, walk, and play golf, and forget baseball as much as possible.

"There is something that wears out ball players almost as much as playing. A player, especially when he gets so almost everyone knows him, has to talk, eat, and sleep baseball; there is no escape and it wears one out.

"If a baseball player's friends really want to help the team, as of course they do, they'll come around with some other interesting subject to talk about and help the player forget his work for half an hour instead of coming around to talk baseball, which he has heard all day long.

"Forgetting the game and plenty of sleep will keep a man in condition. I get at least eight hours' sleep and lie down for half an hour, or an hour, even more, as often as possible during the day, resting and relaxing. More ball players tire themselves out standing around hotel lobbies and lounging about hotels than are wrecked on ball fields.

"I do not much believe in hard and fast rules of training. Each one must work out his own, but the general principles are the same with everyone."

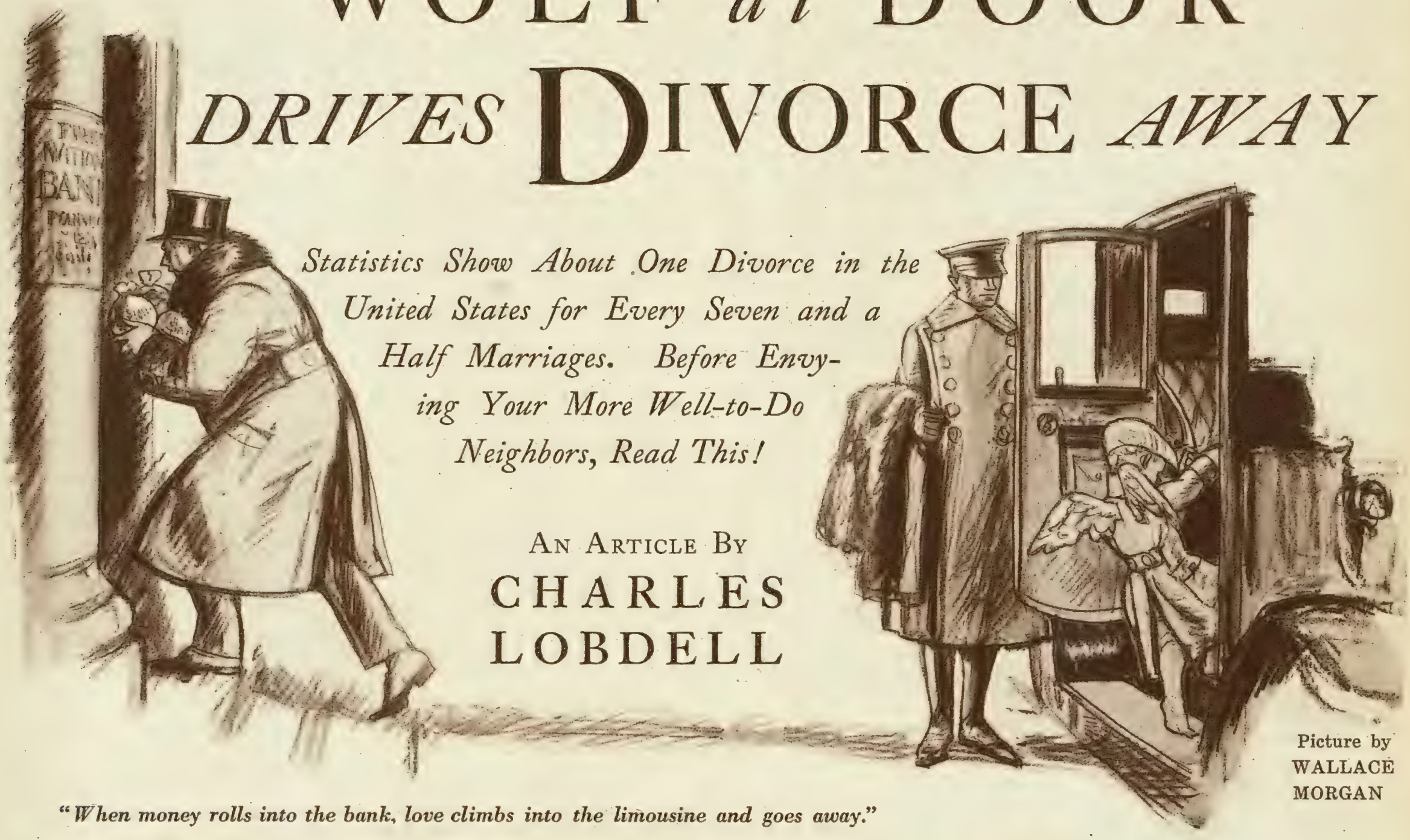
So saying, Cobb removed an electric heating pad from a bruise the size of a pie pan on his hip, tested the leg to see whether or not it would fall off, and started to the park, where he made four hits.

THE END

# WOLF *at* DOOR *DRIVES* DIVORCE *AWAY*

*Statistics Show About One Divorce in the United States for Every Seven and a Half Marriages. Before Envying Your More Well-to-Do Neighbors, Read This!*

AN ARTICLE BY
CHARLES LOBDELL




Picture by WALLACE MORGAN

*"When money rolls into the bank, love climbs into the limousine and goes away."*

IF you see a limousine at the door the odds are about one in six and a half there will be a divorce in that family. If you see the lean, hungry, old gray wolf of want scratching at the panels of the door of some humble cot the odds will be nearly twelve to one against the breaking up of that family through the divorce courts.

Even in the present epidemic of "sinfluenza" which has swept the world, the chances are much greater that poverty means a happy marriage than that riches will bring that result, while divorce statistics show that the divorce rate increases steadily with the prosperity of the family.

The divorce statistics of the United States which have startled students of sociology have led to an analysis of the divorce situation in different classes of society, with the discovery that poverty, instead of being the cause of domestic discord and destruction of families, tends to bind them closer, while prosperity, and especially suddenly achieved economic independence, tends toward divorce.

The astounding increase in divorces since the World War is, according to sociological experts, a direct result of hastily acquired fortunes and largely increased earning power of the working classes. The figures indicate the immense increase has come from that class which, in the former comparative poverty of low wages, had the lowest divorce rate. The greatest proportion of divorces, however, is found in that class which became rich through war profiteering, with its sudden and unexpected wealth.

Statistics usually are dull unless explained. The fact that the proportion of divorces to marriages is increasing so rapidly is startling, and, according to some sociologists, threatens the stability of the institution of matrimony.

Divorces in the United States increased from 112,037 in 1916 to 148,554 in 1923. In 1922 1,033 persons in each 100,000 got married and 136 out of each 100,000 secured divorces; in other words, there was one divorce to each 7.6 marriages.

The effort to analyze the divorce situation by studying the statistics of each group, so as to determine the effect of wealth and prosperity upon matrimony, is not entirely successful, due to the fact that divorce records are not kept for different groups.

The old saying, "When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window," appears to be entirely disproved by the modern development of the divorce problem. On the contrary, the figures show conclusively that when money rolls in at the bank, love climbs into the limousine and goes away. Of fifty divorce cases selected at random in New York City the testimony in thirty-eight indicated that the husband and wife were a happy and loving couple until money descended upon them.

It is possible, even if uncharitable, to conclude that perhaps these couples would have been divorced years ago had they been able to afford it, and that, as soon as they did get money enough, they sought relief from their marital bonds.

THE best evidence indicates that the smallest proportion of divorces is reported from the poorest sections of the country and the largest from those districts which have the greatest amount of quickly accumulated wealth. A survey by districts of New York and Chicago revealed the fact that the greatest percentage of divorce was in the wealthy districts and the smallest in the extremely poor. In the country at large the smallest proportion of divorce is in the poorer states and also in the poorer districts of those states.

Nevada, of course, leads in proportion of divorces, having more divorces than marriages during each year because of the laws in that state. Delaware, with a low wealth rate of one hundred dollars per capita, affords the best chance to stay married, since only one in 35.8 gets divorced there, in spite of the fact that Wilmington, the center of the wealth of the state, has practically the same divorce rate as Philadelphia.

The study of the divorce situation in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Pittsburgh appeared to be confusing until analyzed by experts, who found the situation complicated by bootlegging.

Divorces were being sought by a class rated as poor which formerly remained solidly married over long periods. The evidence indicated a double cause for this situation: First, the wives who object to the methods their husbands employ in making money through illicit dealing in liquors, and, second, sudden wealth. The court testimony, according to the sociologists, is that the second cause is the chief factor. The wives in the majority of cases were willing to have the money, no matter how acquired, so that the real cause of divorce was the money itself, which bears out the axiom that easy money never brings happiness.

The percentage of wives bringing action for divorce is increasing more rapidly than is the percentage of husbands who seek relief from marriage conditions. This seems to indicate the men stand prosperity no better than women, although it is charged that prosperity causes women to run amuck and forget their vows.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Ask your Barber or Druggist for a bottle

WILDROOT TAROLEUM HAIR-WASH

The wonderful new Crude-oil shampoo

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-THREE]

Evidently men are quite as liable to be ruined by money as their wives are—unless the figures can be read to mean that the wives are suing husbands who have not profiteered enough to suit them.

The nature of the complaints taken into consideration indicates that money results, first, in an attempt to satisfy longing for luxuries, and, second, in idleness. The latter stage soon results in offenses against the marriage vows which even the women with an intense desire for more money cannot tolerate or forgive.

The effect of sudden prosperity upon women varies, but chiefly reveals itself in expansion of desires and in extravagances which lead to family breaches.

THE trend of events leading to the divorce court is similar in the majority of cases. The couple lived together more or less contentedly, and usually with a considerable degree of happiness. The husband, employed at a moderate salary, working long hours, had little time to become one of the play boys, nor could he afford to play if he could find the time. His interests were centered upon his home and family.

The wife, busy at home, her time fully occupied with the task of making both ends meet, rearing her children and helping her husband build up a home and establish himself and his credit in the community, had little time to run around. Their interests were in common, they had the bond of a common objective, they had their mutual sacrifices which drew and held them close together.

Then prosperity came. The truth is that the majority of those who acquired sudden wealth or large incomes during and immediately after the war were surprised. Money came to them in undreamed of quantities after they had almost ceased expecting ever to get more than a modest competence.

The effect was demoralizing upon both husbands and wives. The husbands, with more money than they ever had possessed before, suddenly relieved of worries as to payments on the home, life insurance, and such matters which worry the average salaried or wage earning family head, with more time at their disposal than they ever had before, broke loose. There is no use denying it—they ran wild. The divorce records and the luxury and amusement tax figures both prove they did, not only by the men, but also the women.

The women, dizzy from sudden wealth, freed from the bondage of house work, seeking new amusements which hitherto had been beyond their means, flew off at some other tangent.

Husbands and wives suddenly found themselves whirled apart, satisfying long suppressed longings, while the bond of common interest which had held them together either stretched or was broken.

The very fact that they were separated tended to create suspicions. The wife who *knew* that her husband was faithful because he was at the office or shop all day, that he was at home as quickly as he could get there after work, and remained at home, was never suspicious. But the moment they had leisure and luxuries there came suspicion and distrust, and then an open break, charges and counter charges, and finally a divorce.

The reading of records of divorces during the last five years becomes monotonous because of the sameness of the trend of events leading up to the final charges.

THE same path which was trod by the low salaried man on his way from comparative happiness and poverty to the divorce court was run over in record time by the bootlegger.

During the early days of prohibition literally thousands of men who had lived in near poverty acquired sudden wealth and rushed to the destruction of their domestic bliss.

It is not alleged that the automobile itself is responsible for divorce, but the court records of both city and country show that automobiles figure in a remarkable percentage of divorce cases. This is taken to indicate that the preponderance of divorced persons are wealthy enough to own cars, rather than that the cars are a contributory cause.

There is another feature of the investigation of the effect of prosperity upon marriage relations which may be cynical, and that is that perhaps more persons would get divorces if they could afford it.

Poverty and children make for lasting marriages, undoubtedly. Perhaps much of the divorce seeking of couples suddenly grown prosperous is retroactive, and possibly they would have sought divorce long before if they could have afforded it.

While divorce is comparatively cheap, there are undoubtedly many who cannot afford such proceedings. Many women, too, would ask divorce if they could support themselves, but they remain unhappily married because of lack of income or of a vocation by which they might support themselves.

Laws of different states affect the cost and limit the divorce rate, and a uniform federal divorce law would be necessary to prove conclusively which section presents the greatest proportion of divorce.

The moral is that, if you would be happily married, don't get rich—at least not suddenly.

THE END

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## *Everyone Can Compete---Men, Women, Children!*

**IT DOESN'T MATTER WHERE YOU LIVE!**

### *THIS WEEK'S WINNERS*

**(Each of Whom Will Receive $100)**

Ma Mutts, much mussed, mutters much mixing minor Mutts' much mush mornings. Many mush-munching minor Mutts mumbling, "More mush," much, much mush must Ma Mutts, much mussed, muttering, mix. —Lawrence J. Crean, 13 Summer St., New Britain, Conn.

Sam Stowe sold stove shovels and Shirley Shaw states she saw Steve Stone steal stove shovels Sam Stowe sold.—Mrs. C. A. Woodward, 420 S. Rush St., Sherman, Tex.

Does Daisy's daily dozen delay Daisy's lazy dozing, or does Daisy's lazy dozing delay Daisy's daily dozen?—Frances Caplan, 962 E. 10th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Beth's best beau bets Bess' best beau Beth's brown blouse belongs to Bess.—Mrs. Matilda Hugel, 9055 176th St., Jamaica, N. Y.

Sue Swisher's sharp sister sold some soft, short, surf shirts Sue sewed for sailors' short shore suits to some short, shirtless sailors seeking soft, short, surf shirts for sailors' short shore suits.—A. J. Yoder, Box 162, Topeka, Ind.

Shivering, shaking, shingled Susie Shultz shyly shut the single slender shingled shutter as the stingy, slicky sleet shook the slick, slimy, shingled, shaky shack.—Mrs. Blanch Brashears, 123 W. Main St., Ada, Okla.

Chuck chewed chewing gum, while Chum chewed chops. But the gum that Chuck chewed outchewed the chops that Chum chewed.—Gladys L. Luber, 3442 Sheridan Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Buzzing busy Busby Bobby's big and buzzing business, busy Busby Bobby's business buzzed. —Miss Martha McCourt, 346 Garfield Ave., Chicago.

Pretty peppy Pipa Piper's peppered peppery pet poodle puppies purposely perplex pretty peppy Pipa Piper's prospering papa, Peter Piper's poor pet purple poll parrot.—Stanley S. Iversen, 2758 Hampden Ct., Chicago.

Lazy, listless, lisping Leslie Leipsich listlessly lisping lustily lost Lillie's love.—Robert M. Riculfi, Pastime Park U. S. Hospital, Tucson, Ariz.

### *THE RULES*

1. **$1,000 a week in ten cash prizes of $100 each will be paid for the ten best Tongue Twisters accepted and published.**
2. **This offer is open to everyone except employees of LIBERTY; THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE; THE NEWS, New York's Picture Newspaper, and their families. It does not matter where you live.**
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**Liberty is paying $5 each week for the best line that somebody writes to complete the Limerick which is printed on this page. Here's this week's Limerick:**

*An airman way up in the sky*
*Looked down and said, "Gee, I'm up high;*
*If someone down there*
*Would like some fresh air,*
*......"*

*Write a line to end the Limerick,* **and send it to LIMERICKS, Post Office Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. (You don't have to use the form printed herewith unless you want to. You can copy the first four lines, and add the last one, on a separate sheet of paper.)**

**If our readers show they like to write Limericks, we'll probably raise the ante. And meanwhile there's**

### *$1,000 More for Tongue Twisters Next Week!*

# The GREAT HUNTRESS

## By ARNOLD BENNETT

*The Smiles and Soft Words of Women of Fashion Are the Weapons with Which They Make War Upon Each Other. This Is a Short Story of Conflict, Fought Bitterly Where You Would Least Expect It to Be Fought, in the Drawing Rooms and Over the Dinner Tables of London's Fashionables*

Pictures by NANCY FAY

WHEN the telephone bell rang that afternoon Mrs. Walbash and her brother, Charles, were sitting in the lesser drawing room of their house in Cadogan Square, London. They were twins; Mrs. Walbash was the widow of the illustrious Walbash, who had made a certain amount of money by the lavish use of the knife, and still more by his skill in running a nursing home, where the subjects of his keen scalpels were kept chill and hungry and enslaved in return for a weekly payment of from twelve to twenty guineas.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Walbash was a nice woman and had some good friends, though her black eyes showed a hard glint, and her voice was a little harsh and her elocution too precise. She was forty-two, with a tendency to plumpness which she vainly tried to counteract by missing the soup, the meat, and the savory of her own excellent dinners and other people's.

Charles (commonly called "Carlo") resembled his sister, save in the glint and the voice; he had what the French call a "white voice." They adored each other, helped each other in this difficult world, seldom bickered. Carlo had never loved anybody except his sister and himself, but he liked some scores of persons.

The economic basis of their existence was just safe, and no more. Mrs. Walbash, after paying all taxes, had about two thousand a year clear; Carlo somewhat over a thousand. They lived in a large house of many stories; indeed, one hundred stairs (so good for strengthening the leg muscles of domestics) separated the basement from the attic floor.

The rent was low, but large houses full of furniture and bric-a-brac need service; moreover, Mrs. Walbash's profession was that of an ambitious hostess who always offered 1911 champagne. So they had to "manage." Thus there was a butler but no motor car—and very few taxis. Mrs. Walbash prided herself on her skill in using omnibuses and was well known on the lines Nos. 19, 19a, 22, and 46. She would hop out into Sloane Street and stop the great scarlet juggernauts with the authority of long habit.

The ground floor of the house was given to reception and eating. Of the two drawing rooms on the first floor the smaller one served as Mrs. Walbash's bookish boudoir. The second floor had Carlo's bedroom, study, and bathroom. The third floor was Mrs. Walbash's inviolable lair. The fourth belonged to the servants, except the butler, who slept in the basement between the silver and the wines.

Mrs. Walbash said to the telephone:

"How perfectly sweet of you, Clara darling! Commander De Bure, did you say? Ah! We should have loved to come, but I've got some tiresome people for dinner on that very night. So sorry. Most sweet of you. See you soon. I loved your shawl the other night. No! Yes! No! Of course not!" (A laugh, silvery.) "Au revoir." Down went the receiver. Click!

"That the Slipcombs?" Carlo asked.

He had guessed right. The name "Clara" was enough. But the tones and terms of endearment also would have been enough, for Mrs. Walbash treated no two of her friends alike. Further, the principal occupation of the telephone was the arranging of hospitalities. The weekly engagement cards were kept near the instrument.

THE twins lived chiefly for dinners, either given or received. They—or, rather, Mrs. Walbash—had always to be looking ahead, scheming, fitting in, avoiding the clash of dates. No sooner was one dinner over than the next had to be created—morally and materially. Whom should they ask? Whom had they recently not asked? Who had recently asked *them?* Would So-and-so suit So-and-so?

Yes, it was a vast and an intricate business. In fact, a highly curious business—since it was all for eating, drinking, and chatter, and nothing whatever resulted from it! And it involved hard work, constant attention. To judge the always changing relative importance of personages in the governing world and the world of culture you had to be abreast of all the news in the political, commercial, legal, literary, musical, and artistic movements. (The scientific, teaching, and theological movements you only glanced at.) You had to read the latest books, go to the latest plays, concerts, and picture shows; study the parliamentary reports and the law reports, study the stock markets, and heaven knows what besides.

And all in order to be able to talk well at dinners! No other purpose! Slim Carlo was a very fine talker, if somewhat too apt to dwell on the careers of the Brontë sisters, upon which he was the leading authority on earth and upon which he had written books. He ran the Brontë cult against the Jane Austen cult, and a hard struggle it was.

"Commander De Bure will never get the defense ministry," observed Mrs. Walbash. "Not a ghost of a chance. He's lost all his ground this last week."

"Yes."

Here was an example of their knowledge of current affairs, and of their need of it.

A few minutes later the butler brought in *The Evening Standard.*

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Walbash, looking at the paper. "He *has* got the defense ministry, after all!"

AT this point, standing near the telephone and the fire, in her loose, roseate tea frock, she became suddenly heroical and magnificent; and Carlo, lounging at ease in his neat blue suit and playing with his grayish hair (whose arrangement displayed a touch of fantasy, to indicate that he was an artistic intellectual, something more than a mere man of the world)—Carlo recognized the superior force of her individuality.

Mrs. Walbash's master passion, her demon, her tyrant, had taken possession of her. Her master passion was to know everybody who was Somebody and, if possible, to call him by his Christian name. She preferred the Somebodies to be interesting, but, interesting or not, she must know them.

Within a day or so of her first introduction to them she would invite them to Cadogan Square. They often declined, for often they had heard of her in advance. But it was useless to refuse. She would try again. She would write, "Will you come for dinner on the twenty-fourth, twenty-fifth, twenty-sixth, twenty-eighth, or twenty-ninth, or for tea on the twenty-fifth, twenty-sixth, twenty-seventh, or thirtieth? Or for lunch——" etc., etc. Such tactics were bound to beat you unless you wrote simply, "I will not come for any meal on any date." But no one could ever be so brave and so cruel as to pen a refusal in such terms.

COMMANDER DE BURE had been nobody, and was now very definitely somebody. High cabinet rank! Mrs. Walbash did not know him, and she had just lost an admirable opportunity of meeting him in ideal circumstances—at the Slipcomb's! Obviously the opportunity must be recovered at once. Obviously the end would justify the means, whatever the means might be. It was inconceivable that a mere ordinary prior engagement should prevent her from meeting Commander De Bure at dinner on Tuesday next week.

Commander De Bure was the personage of the moment. Not to know him, not to have him well on the way to Cadogan Square, would be monstrous, absurd, tragic. To know him was the highest good. She was like a cocaine taker, and Commander De Bure was the

*Lady Cammer leaned back fluently in an easy chair and dropped her diamond-studded gold cigarette case tinklingly, and warningly, as if saying, "Be it known that I am about to smoke much."*

cocaine. No price was too costly for him; he was incomparable.

SHE might have been a prime minister who had to secure the welfare of a great nation and who realized that in so immense a crisis such notions as right and wrong could not exist. Her whole career as a collector of Somebodies seemed to be in the balance.

Mrs. Walbash was about to take up the receiver when the butler showed in two separate callers who had arrived simultaneously. The tea tarried. The callers tarried, though Mrs. Walbash tried every inducement to shift them—short of throwing them out. The instant they had gone Mrs. Walbash did take up the receiver. Number engaged! In half an hour she made another attempt. Mrs. Slipcomb not at home—gone out! Mrs. Walbash was nearly beside herself. Just before dinner she got the direct connection.

"Clara darling. Such a funny thing has happened. Carlo has to go up to Oxford on Tuesday for a meeting of the Oxford Brontë Society. He's only told me this moment. Says he absolutely must go. So I have to countermand the invitations for *my* dinner. If you *could* find a little corner for me somewhere at *your* dinner, I should be simply frightfully pleased. Of course, I don't want to inconvenience you in any way. But *if* . . . O, Clara, that's most sweet of you! Sure I

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

# Have You The Urge To Write?

IF THERE is something inside of you which demands the right to express itself, something which commands you to sit down—perhaps, at odd moments, whenever you can find a little spare time—and try to put on paper the remarkable thoughts which continually formulate themselves in your mind, then you have the urge to write.

But mere desire to work in wood and stone would not make you a builder, and mere desire to cure would not make you a doctor. Inclination must be supported by training in order to make one proficient in any pursuit.

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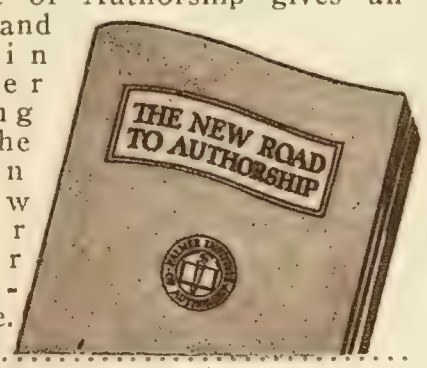


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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

shan't be in the way? Thanks awfully!"

"But the Oxford Brontë Society has been dissolved," said Carlo, who was still sitting near her. He spoke quite calmly and ordinarily, made no protest, showed no surprise at her maneuver. He knew and respected the tyrannic power of her master passion.

"O, well, dear! Some other place then. I'll say you told me wrong. . . . That's nothing," Mrs. Walbash replied, with a calmness equaling his own.

She had got the cocaine and was in heaven.

ON the following afternoon Mr. Slipcomb and his wife, Clara, sat in a lesser drawing room of their house on the other side of Cadogan Square, partaking of tea; and Clara at any rate was wondering how she could most pleasantly pass the time until she had to dress for dinner. She had risen at eleven, been out late to lunch, and was now a little exhausted and a little animated by a dispute with a British workman on the premises whom she had charged with the capital sin of sloth.

A slim young woman, of almost perfect figure, lithe, very dark, very vivacious and restless, with roguish eyes! In order to marry she had abandoned an adventurous career as a solo violinist whose emoluments consisted chiefly of flowers and flattery. Nevertheless, she was a nice girl, bristling with good qualities, and had many genuine and honest admirers.

As for Sam Slipcomb, he was large, jolly, middle aged (save in energy and mind), and exceedingly rich. Out of nothing at all he had developed into a financier, with various mysterious interests and influences. He had shares in oil and newspapers and fashionable dressmakers; and from an office in the city he gorgeously directed the affairs of the Consolidated Equivalent Securities Corporation, Limited. The C. E. S. C., L. was merely another name for himself.

He did not much care in what style he lived, nor did his wife care—their house was markedly inferior to that of the Walbashes. All he wanted and all Clara wanted was heaps of money at call. They had it. They would spend as much on a single entertainment at a dance club as would have kept the entire Walbash establishment on its feet for a week. Nobody quite knew how many motor cars were theirs, but they certainly employed two chauffeurs.

On the other hand, they had no habits. The nature of their performances on Monday gave no clue to the nature of their performances on Tuesday. They were always high spirited—especially when they quarreled—and they would tolerate anything except boredom. Clara had a wonderful series of smiles; but Sam was a laugher, and when he laughed he opened his mouth wide and laughed with all his might.

THE parlor maid entered. Clara abhorred butlers.

"Are you at home, madam?" A momentary pause. "Lady Cammer."

"Your mistress is at home," said Mr. Slipcomb quickly.

The parlor maid bowed and retired.

"How do you know I'm at home, Sam?" asked Clara, putting her head archly on one side and smiling with an attractive frown.

"Private information," said Sam.

Then Lady Cammer appeared, blonde, slim, very elegant, and sweetly odorous, and there was such a fine fond clasping and kissing between the pair of married girls (sixty years between them) as would have quickened the heart of even a Methusaleh. The thing had scarcely finished before the parlor maid came in again with an extra cup and saucer.

"I was passing," said Lady Cammer, "and I thought if you happened to be in and willing, and Sam didn't mind, we might do a little music."

Lady Cammer played the piano very well, indeed, for an amateur, and this was the bond between herself and Clara.

"I should love it," said Clara eagerly, though in secret her attitude as a professional toward Lady Cammer's powers over the piano was somewhat condescending.

Clara poured out tea, and Lady Cammer leaned back fluently in an easy chair and drew off spotless white gloves. Then she dropped her diamond-studded gold cigarette case tinklingly and warningly on to the tea table, as if saying, "Be it known that I am about to smoke much."

"How's your husband getting on with the strikes business, Katie?" Mr. Slipcomb inquired in a rather grave tone.

Sir Cedric Cammer was chairman of one of the biggest railway groups.

"O, I don't know, Sam," Lady Cammer replied negligently. "At least all I know is that he says he will fight for a further all around reduction, and this is the very best time for a fight because the union's losing members — hundreds a week."

"So that's what he says, is it?"

"He says if we fight now we can put the union out of action for five years certain. He says he's about sick of unions."

"O! So he's sick of unions, is he? Well, you tell him he'd better have a talk with me. I'm a member of the public, tell him." And Sam laughed, but it was the mirth of a man who knew that his views were sought for and respected by

*How to care for*

# *Dull Hair*

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the chiefs of every department of commercial activity.

Lady Cammer paused before speaking.

"I'm sure Rick would like that. I'll tell him. I'll tell him to telephone tonight," she said, in a new, impressed tone; and then turning suddenly to Clara, she lightly laughed: "I say, Clara, have you heard Cynthia's latest?"

Cynthia was Mrs. Walbash, who, by reason of always being the subject of the "latest," was an ever joyous subject of conversation in the houses of her friends and acquaintances.

"No," said Clara, leaning forward in anticipation of some gleeful anecdote.

"No, of course you couldn't have. It only happened today. Do you know of anybody of great importance staying at Oxford just now?"

"No. Why?"

"Do you, Sam?"

Mr. Slipcomb shook his head.

"Because Carlo's going up there next Tuesday on one of his Brontë stunts and Cynthia's going with him. And you know she *never* goes with him. So she must have scented some new prey."

"Is that cat under the sofa?" Mr. Slipcomb asked quickly, turning his head.

Instinctively Lady Cammer turned her head also, and in that instant, sure of not being seen by the lively guest, Mr. Slipcomb winked at his wife. The wink meant that he had a jolly idea and that she was to go warily in the talk and leave the initiative to him.

"O!" said Clara vaguely. "How did you get hold of this pleasing information?"

"Quite simply," said Lady Cammer. "She told me herself this morning on the telephone. I must say she was very frank. She had to tell me because she'd invited Rick and me for dinner on Tuesday, and she had to cancel the invitation first. Cool, eh?"

"Are you sure," Mr. Slipcomb suggested to Clara, and his eyes gleamed at his wife. "Are you sure she isn't merely throwing you over so that she can accept some invitation or other for herself?"

Mr. Slipcomb's eyes gleamed because he was indulging his master passion, the passion for chicane. He loved a plot, and still more he loved a counterplot. Plots and counterplots had been the foundation of his wealth and his prestige in a world where neither wealth nor prestige is easy to acquire. Clara perceived, from customary symptoms, that the passion was rousing in him, and she waited eagerly, admiring and puzzled, for striking developments.

"O, IT couldn't be that, surely!" Lady Cammer protested. She had often said that Mrs. Walbash would stick at absolutely nothing to satisfy her craving for intercourse with the illustrious, but she could not believe that so illustrious a pair as Sir Cedric and Lady Cammer might be regarded by Mrs. Walbash as second to anybody whatsoever in any circumstances whatsoever. Indeed, she was shocked.

"Well, if I were you I shouldn't be too sure, Katie," said Mr. Slipcomb, and he laughed loudly and Clara smiled with a delicious malice. "We all have our weaknesses, and sometime or other all our friends without exception have to suffer for them. Cynthia's only got this one fault, and there are worse faults."

"I think it's horrid of her, and if you're right I'll never go into her house again."

"I'm right," said Mr. Slipcomb. "But you *will* go into her house again. You'll have to, because she's far more obstinate than you are. She's a great woman, Cynthia is. She's carried the national vice so high that she's made it a virtue, like Don Juanism or desperate gambling. She's a great heroine, Cynthia is, and I admire her. I admire anybody who does anything really thoroughly and lives for it night and day."

"What's the national vice?"

"Snobbery, my innocent."

"Well," Katie insisted. "You'll see if I'll enter her house again! You'll see!"

"Now for Tuesday, Katie," said Mr. Slipcomb, with hearty benevolence. "You're out of a job for Tuesday, aren't you? You and Cedric come and dine here with us, will you?"

"O, do!" Mrs. Slipcomb urged brightly. "That would be lovely." Of course she saw in a flash the mischievous naughtiness of her husband's scheme; she pictured the marvelous scene which he was aiming at. Of course, it might spoil the dinner party, but no price could be too high for such a spectacle as the evening promised.

Lady Cammer accepted.

"And that'll give Cedric and me a chance to talk about the forthcoming railway strike." Mr. Slipcomb thus clinched the matter.

"Sam," said Clara in her bedroom after Lady Cammer had departed, "Sam, you are simply awful."

Roaring out his hilarity, he picked up his feather-wife and kissed her. And she giggled happily.

WHEN Cynthia Walbash walked across the square on the Tuesday night to the house of the Slipcombs, she walked across with her brother, Carlo. It was a fine night in the square and in her heart. She had obtained in the morning a very interesting piece of information about Commander De Bure, which news had decided her to tell Carlo that he must not go to Oxford, nor even pretend to go. She had then telephoned to Clara Slipcomb and said frankly that Carlo's visit to Oxford had been put off by the Oxford people themselves, and poor Carlo would be all alone at home, and of course it was absurd to suggest that Clara could find a little place for Carlo at her lovely dinner, but *if* by *any* chance Clara *could* . . . Clara had cut her short with enthusiasm. Of *course* Carlo must come, of *course* there should be a place for him, Carlo was always such an addition to any dinner party! And so on. Cynthia Walbash had been quite startled by the darling's eager warmth, for as a rule there was a dim background of a chill or sardonic quality to Clara's cordiality.

Commander De Bure, as became a naval man, had arrived early, ignoring the great London conventions that a quarter past eight really means half past eight, and that punctuality amounts to bad form. He was a man of fifty, obviously shy, carelessly dressed, with a bald head and the most heavenly nervous smile.

Upon being introduced, Mrs. Walbash, the early bird, had him to herself. She seemed to surround him like an atmosphere. She produced in him the illusion that he had made an instant "conquest," that he was completing her life at last, and that nothing else mattered now. She performed this feat so well because her attitude was perfectly sincere.

Every celebrity conquered her and completed her life—until the next one came along; and in the presence of every new celebrity she was as if charged afresh with marvelous, irresistible charm and vitality.

Other guests entered, and they all either openly or surreptitiously watched, almost spellbound, the terrific spectacle of Mrs. Walbash acquiring the latest celebrity. The spectacle was indeed among the major sights of the West End.

"EVENING, Cynthia."

Mrs. Walbash glanced round sharply from her duologue with the commander. It was Lady Cammer's voice in her ear; it was Lady Cammer's light, pressing touch on her arm. And both the voice and the hand seemed to have trembled slightly.

Mrs. Walbash was thunderstruck. Here, to her amazement and horror, was the woman whom she had invited to her own house for dinner on that very night and whom she had put off on the plea that she and Carlo were compelled to go to Oxford! And the glorious assemblage of handsomely dressed persons round about her in the glowing reception hall seemed every one of them to be regarding the encounter with fascinated and cruel gaze.

Katie's eyes, too, had a strange light of emotional agitation in them. As well they might have, for Katie was bearing two separate shocks; the shock of meeting both Mrs. Walbash and Carlo, and the shock of realizing that Mr. and Mrs. Slipcomb, her dear, mischievous friends, must have deliberately contrived the awful quandary. The life of the room was magically arrested in this moment so frightful for Mrs. Walbash and so exasperating for Lady Cammer.

However, Mrs. Walbash gave not a sign of being stricken. True, she could not speak to Lady Cammer, because her tongue was absolutely paralyzed, but she managed to nod and smile brightly at her bosom friend. Then she turned back to Commander De Bure, who had not perceived that he was assisting at a formidable battle. The world of the drawing room admired the matchless sangfroid of Mrs. Walbash, far surpassing that of Lady Cammer.

"Ai! Ai!" exclaimed the hostess under her breath. Lady Cammer had viciously pinched her.

"You ought at least to have warned me," Lady Cammer whispered resentfully.

"Sam wouldn't let me," whispered Mrs. Slipcomb. "But isn't it fun?"

Then up spake Sam, the host, clearing his great throat as if for a speech:

"We have an extra guest at the last minute. That will make thirteen of us. I'm sure none of you is superstitious, but Clara thinks I ought to warn you. Anybody object?"

A few laughed uneasily, half-heartedly; but nobody spoke. Not a soul protested his defiance of the grand, immortal superstition.

"Amos," said the host to the butler, who had entered to announce dinner.

"Sir?"

"What's the day of the month?"

"The ninth, sir."

"So it is. And what's the century? I can generally remember the day of the month, but not the century."

"The twentieth, sir."

"You're sure it isn't the twelfth?"

"Yes, sir," said the butler imperturbably, for he was accustomed to his employer's verbal caprices.

"Well, lay a little table for two, please."

"Yes, sir." Amos vanished.

"It will never do to let one person sit by himself, so there must be two," Sam continued to the company. "We'll draw lots who are to be the two, and we'll all stand in equally. That's the only fair method. Wife, got any visiting cards handy?"

By a strange chance Clara had a whole

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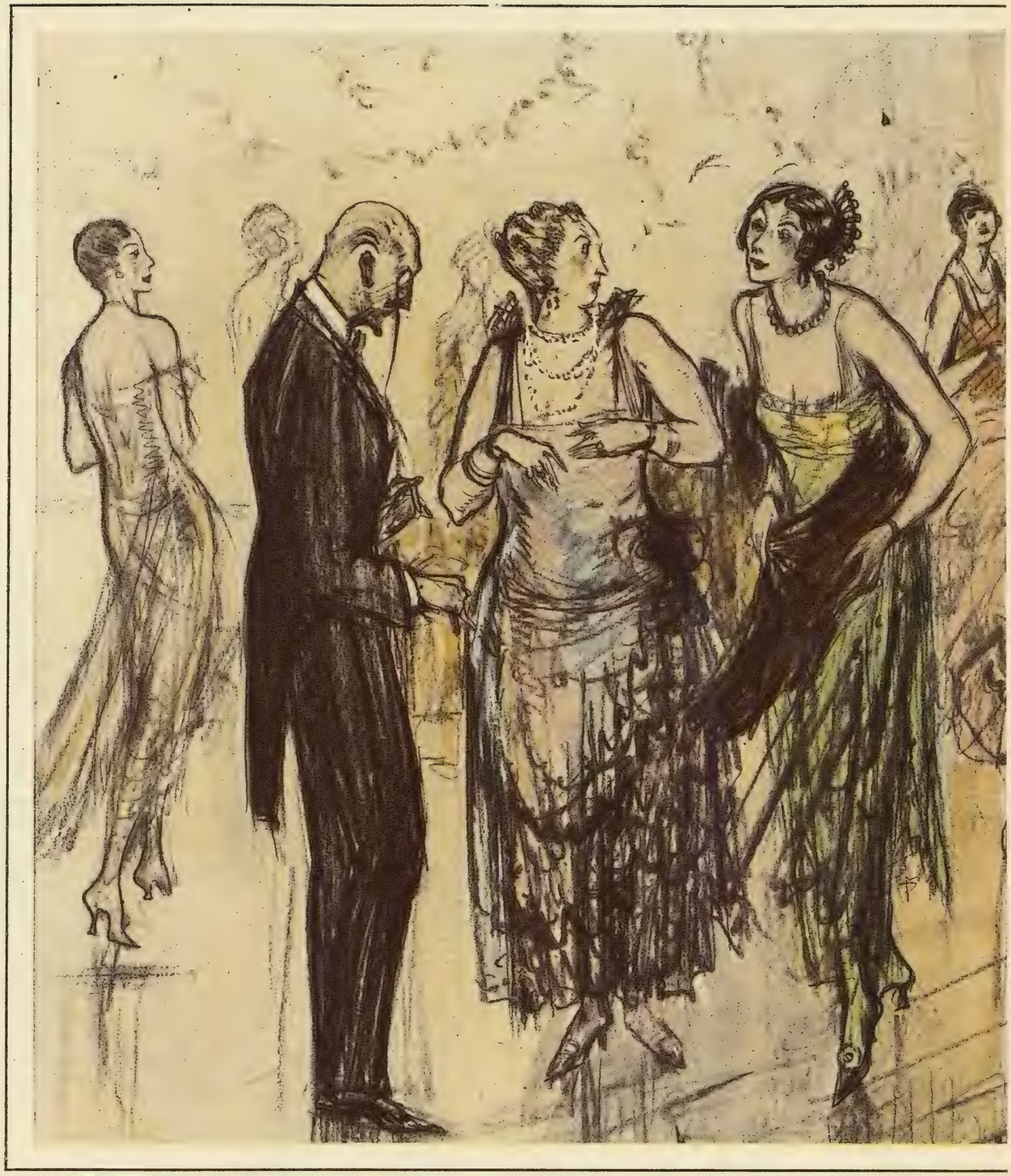


*"Evening, Cynthia." Mrs. Walbash glanced round sharply. Here, to her amazement and horror, was the woman whom she had invited to her own house for dinner on that very night and whom she had put off on the plea that she and Carlo were compelled to go to Oxford.*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-NINE]

packet of her visiting cards lying on the table! Mr. Slipcomb counted thirteen cards and drew forth his gold pencil case and scribbled a number on each of them with surprising speed.

"Now," said he, holding the cards with the numbers downward and shuffling them earnestly. "Two of these cards have the same number, six, on them. The two of you who draw sixes will please sit together at the same table."

And he distributed the cards. (But it was a different set of cards, a set which he had been concealing in his large hand.)

"Six," said Mrs. Walbash, trying to convince herself that Commander De Bure had drawn the other six.

"Six," breathed Lady Cammer faintly.

"Two intimate friends," said Sam with calmness. "Pity it's two of the same sex—I certainly ought to have thought of that—Clara, why didn't *you* think of it?—but what does it matter, after all? Anyhow, it would be very unlucky to interfere with the draw, wouldn't it?"

Shortly afterward they went in to dinner, not in pairs, but quite higgledy-piggledy; the Slipcombs had little use for conventional formalities. And Mrs. Walbash and Lady Cammer sat down together at the small table by the fireplace.

"Sam's capable of anything," reflected Lady Cammer. "Fancy ruining a dinner party for the sake of a joke on Mrs. Walbash!"

But the dinner party did not appear to be ruined; at any rate the big table at once became vivacious and noisy.

"It's all so simple," reflected Mrs. Walbash. "Why shouldn't I have had to go to Oxford with Carlo, and then the visit be unavoidably postponed and me be invited here? Nothing extraordinary in that! But she'll never believe me! Never!"

The small table was silent for a space. Nevertheless, after this space of desolated silence the mighty force of the social obligation to converse at any cost prevailed also at the small table.

"I WONDER why they're so fearfully animated tonight," said Mrs. Walbash brightly, referring to the extraordinary jollity of the main table.

"My dear," said Katie Cammer, with a dangerous sweetness, "can't you guess?" (And her words conveyed: "Why keep up the pretense? You know perfectly well that I can see through you.")

"No," said Mrs. Walbash. "Why?" (And her words conveyed: "Don't take me for a simpleton.")

"It's because you've been fairly caught out for once, my dear, in your lion hunting. Everybody knows, because Sam's told everybody. And so everybody's gloating over you in your predicament. That's why they're all so hilarious. And I have to suffer so that you may suffer! You may depend on it Sam faked those visiting cards. He had it all planned in advance. But I must say I don't know another house in London where the host would *dare* to do such a thing. It's outrageous. However, they're super-rich. The new Huns, I call them."

"I should think it *was* outrageous, dear," Mrs. Walbash agreed. "But what do you mean about *my* predicament?"

"Well, darling, didn't you feel yourself in a bit of a predicament when you found that Cedric and I were invited here tonight?"

"Dearest, you don't mean to say you don't believe . . . about Oxford!"

"O, of course I believe it, darling!" (And Katie's words conveyed: "I do not believe it, and you know I don't believe it.")

"I'm so glad. And, after all, I don't see

that you've got anything to complain of, dearest. You're much better off here than if you'd been dining at my house. You were dying to know Commander De Bure, and now you know him, and you wouldn't have known him if you'd been at my house."

At this point Mrs. Walbash suddenly turned toward the main table.

"O, Commander," she cried, firmly and boldly. "I do hope you're going to stick up for the Brontës!"

"O, I am, my dear lady," said the Commander, blushing slightly.

"You are an angel," said Mrs. Walbash.

THE long table wondered at and admired the presence of mind and the courage of the great huntress. She was not in the least abashed by her situation or by the public knowledge of it; and the gap between two tables had not availed to keep her from her quarry. What the long table did not know was that, having heard that Commander De Bure was a passionate admirer of the works of the sisters Brontë, she had specially brought Carlo, the supreme Brontëist, to the dinner and given him secret instructions to inaugurate, in his own inimitably subtle way, a conversation on the respective merits of the sisters Brontë and Jane Austen. The discussion was fairly in train, and Carlo Walbash, with the almost mute but still powerful moral support of the Commander, was routing the Jane Austenites, for there was none among them who did not wish to be agreeable to the new and charming and unaffected cabinet minister.

As for Cynthia Walbash, who never ate roast meat at dinner, she totally ignored the joint, twisted her chair round a little, and appropriated more than a fair share of the conversation of the table from which she had been so ingeniously excluded. Lady Cammer ate meat, and on this occasion she ate it in melancholy silence. The long table wondered at and admired still more the prowess of the huntress who had declined to be hunted. Sam Slipcomb lost all interest in his plot. And Jane Austen suffered a calamitous defeat.

In the drawing room after dinner the women sat thoughtful and nearly speechless while the men tarried unconscionably below. When the reluctant men appeared Sam Slipcomb went into a corner with Sir Cedric Cammer and these two remained in earnest converse about the labor situation for the rest of the evening. Sam, because he was so very rich and autocratic, could thus safely ignore the ordinary obligations of a host. People criticized him (not to his face), but they said:

"Well, he's very rich."

Commander De Bure was the center of a court of ladies who liked his high office and positively adored his smile and his nervous simplicity. But in due course the experienced and wily Mrs. Walbash extricated him from the court and monopolized him.

"Will you dine on the fourteenth, Commander?" she was heard to say, consulting the little book she always carried in her bag. "No? Engaged? So sorry. Well, then, the sixteenth, seventeenth, nineteenth, twentieth, or twenty-second. Will you choose?" The well known shock tactics of Cynthia! How could so simple a man as the commander hope to withstand them?

AND later, when the dinner party of the long and the little tables (which from the morrow onward was to be the talk of the town)—when this party broke up, Mrs. Walbash said to Commander De Bure:

"My brother and I live just across the square, Commander. Do come over, now—if it's only for a minute or two—and let Carlo show you his Brontë first editions and his corrected proofs of Wuthering Heights. You'd make him so happy. He loves to show them to enthusiasts like you. We can walk round. It's a lovely night. Tell your chauffeur to follow us."

"Commander," murmured Lady Cammer, stopping the captive on the front steps, "will you dine with us on the nineteenth? We should be so delighted."

"I should have been very glad, thank you so much, dear lady. But I'm engaged for the nineteenth to Mrs. Walbash."

"My dear," said Mrs. Walbash cheerfully to Lady Cammer. "I hope you and Cedric will come to me on the nineteenth to meet the Commander."

Well, Lady Cammer accepted. Yes, she accepted.

And Mrs. Walbash triumphantly carried off her noble prey, with Carlo behind for a rear guard. She might have known the Commander for four years instead of for four hours. But what Commander De Bure really thought of the unique Mrs. Walbash was only known to his crony, Colonel Josh Fallip, with whom he consorted at a still later hour at the ancient services club known as the Rag.

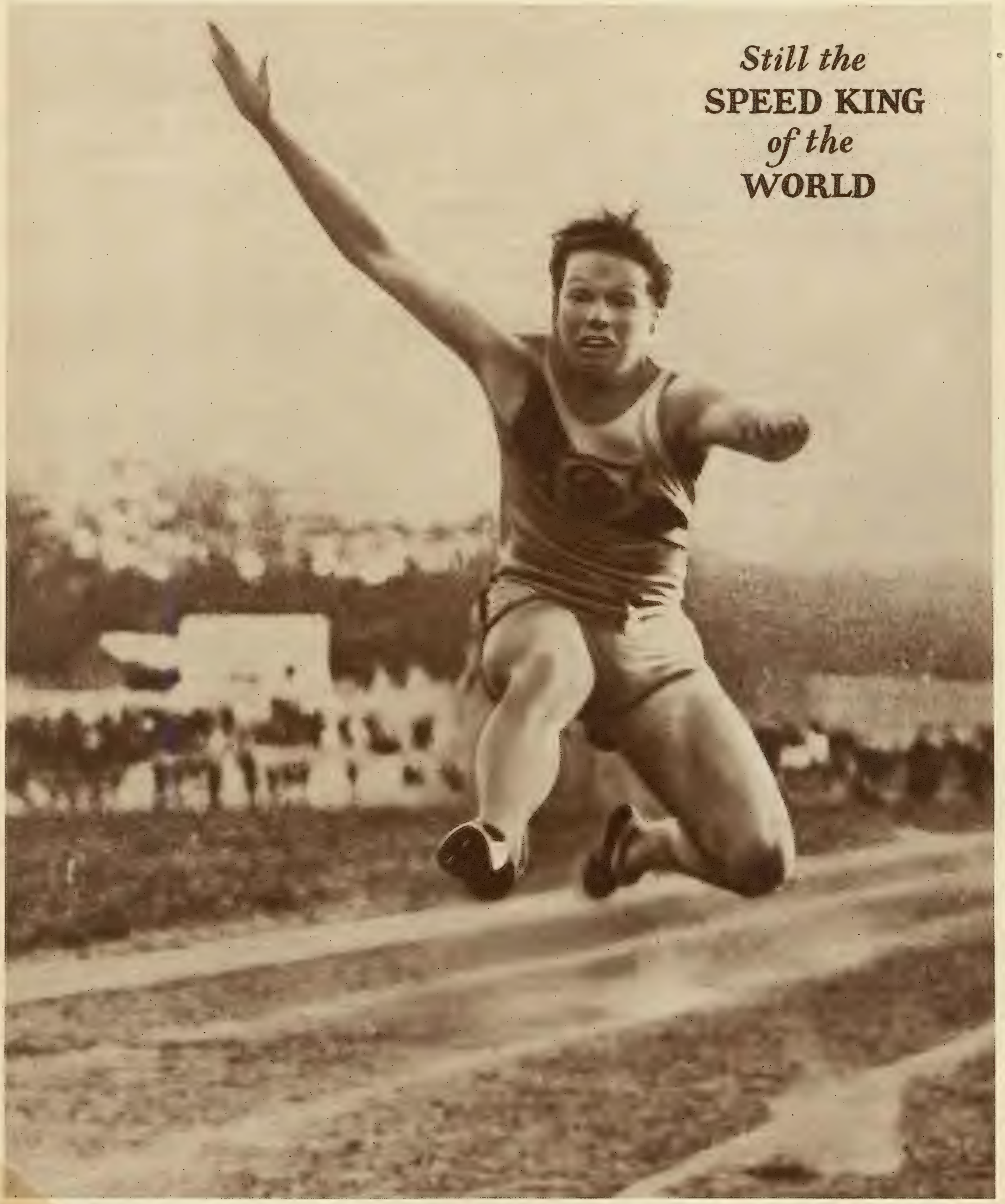
THE END

—o—

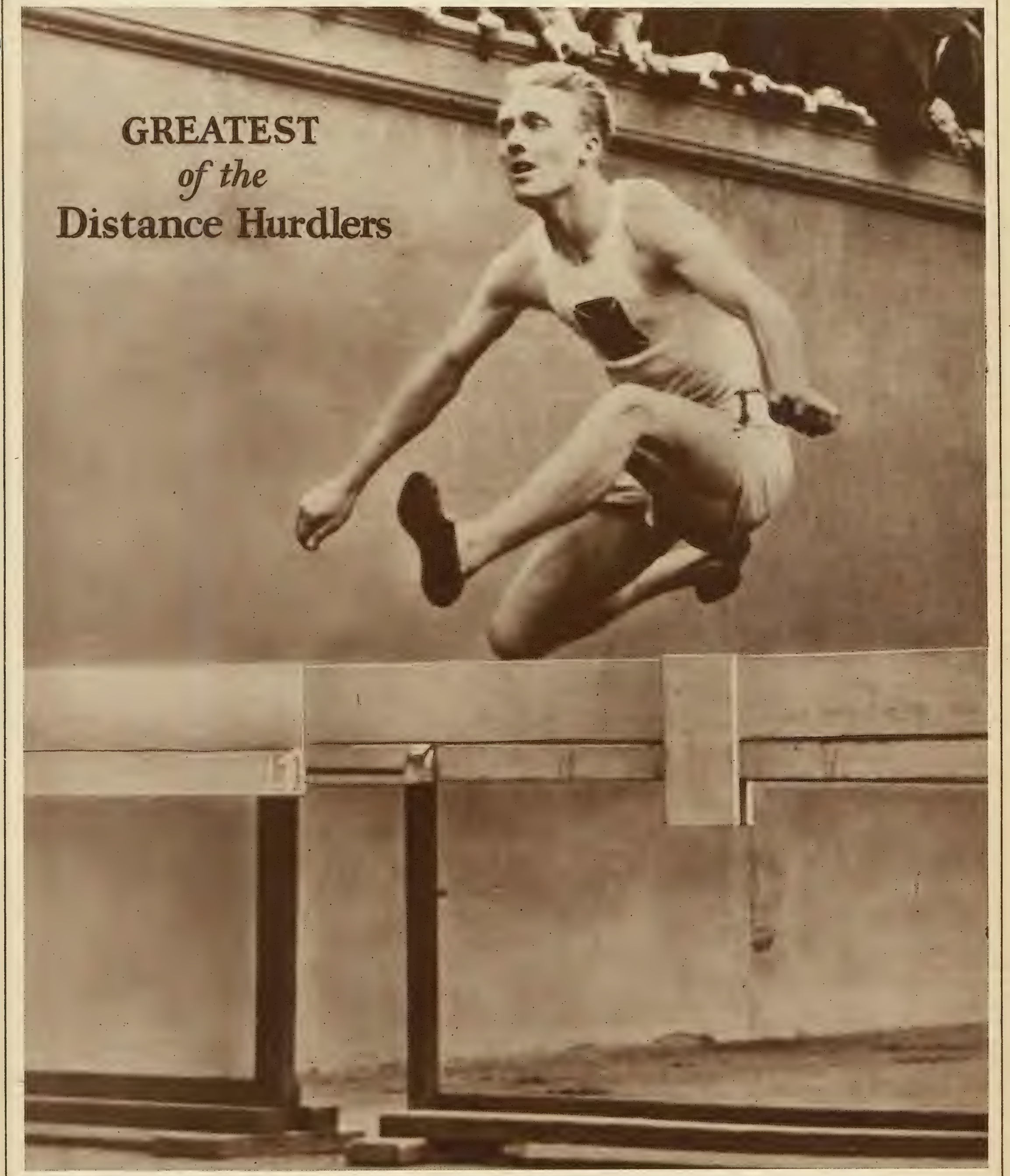
*IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE*

*The first winners in the COMPOSITE DOG CONTEST will be announced.*
*IF YOU ENTERED*

*WATCH FOR YOUR NAME!*

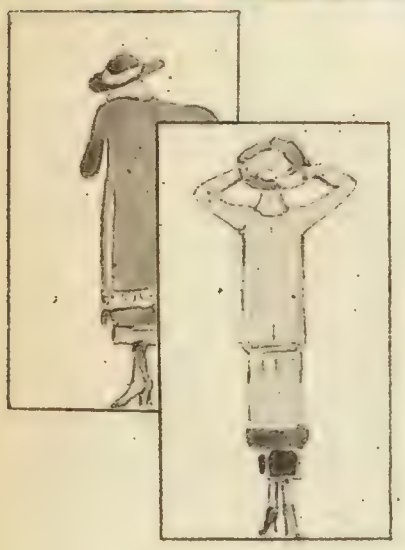



CHARLES PADDOCK, THE CALIFORNIA FLASH—and though an injury ruined his chances for winning in the Olympic races, he still holds or equals the world's best time in the 100 yard, 220 yard, 250 yard, 200 meter, and 300 meter dashes. After the Paris contests, there were rumors that he considered his track career at an end. But following his return to America he entered the Metropolitan A. A. U. meet in New York and hung up a new world's record by running 250 yards in 25 2-5 seconds. The picture shows Paddock at his best—equaling the world's record of 9 3-5 seconds for the 100 yard dash. Kadel & Herbert Photo.




J. MORGAN TAYLOR, OF GRINNELL COLLEGE, IOWA, world's champion in the 400 meter hurdles. After a record of triumphs in Missouri Valley competition, Taylor entered the final tryout for the American Olympic team, and startled the sporting world by defeating a field of America's greatest stars. After this triumph he went to Paris and clinched his title by defeating the world's greatest hurdlers in the world's record time of 52 3-5 seconds, better by one and two-fifths seconds than the previously accepted record of 54 seconds made by Loomis in 1920.

Photo Copyright by Underwood & Underwood.



*At the left, the coat tunic of deep cream lace appears against a background of ox blood velvet. Next, an ensemble costume combines an amethyst colored velvet bordered in gray squirrel with a gray crêpe frock, joining its embroidered motifs by a tracery of silver thread and bearing a border of squirrel. Two tiers of matching silk fringe are the outstanding style point of this afternoon gown shown next. Fourth, a coat dress in black and white satin embroiders its coat section in white silk thread.*

# COAT MOTIFS RULE *AUTUMN STYLES!*

by Corinne Lowe

ONE thing that Fashion never does today is to check the coat. This garment comes right along with us wherever we go and whatever we wear.

First of all, there is the ensemble costume. Like the Spanish *señorita,* never freed from the vigilant society of her *duenna,* the frock must have its attendant. This latter is a three-quarter, seven-eighths, or full length coat, always related to the frock by lining, trimming touches, and color harmony.

It is possible to get a great deal of variety out of this ensemble mode. One sees many black satin or crêpe frocks in conjunction with black cloth coats, and vice versa. Another combination much esteemed by the autumn designer is the alliance of coat in velvet or one of the pile fabrics with crêpe dress.

We have illustrated this last named assemblage in the charming afternoon costume second from the left. Here a coat of deep amethyst velvet bordered with gray squirrel is trimmed with the same embroidery motifs in green, amethyst, and silver which appear on the front of the gown. The wrap is lined with frock material, and the harmony between the two is further emphasized in a wide brimmed hat combining gray and amethyst.

The employment of velvet is witnessed again in the model at the left. Here a foundation of ox blood velvet supplies the background for a long sleeved tunic of deep cream lace bordered in reddish brown fur and girdled in metal cloth with a tinge of red. The coat motif again, you see!

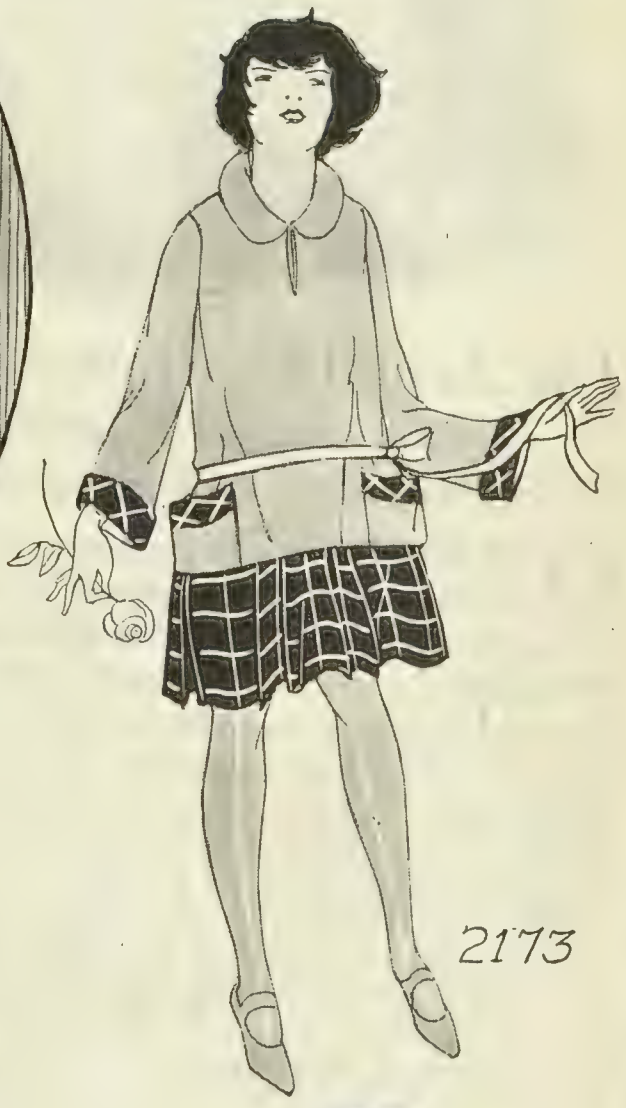
I have shown a number of large hats on this page. Naturally, such hats are for formal afternoon wear. Morning and the everyday afternoon are spent in some such smart little high crowned model as we show at the right. The frock accompanying reverts to my original thesis of the coat by the redingote version of its tailored black and white satin.

In the third model we offer yet another testimony to the prestige of purple tones in this charming afternoon frock of crêpe with two matching tiers of silk fringe—witness to the increasing vogue of fringe.

THE END

# EASY "EXTRAS" FOR THE FALL WARDROBE

By PATRICIA




THE coat dress is THE smart dress for fall. Every well dressed woman should include at least one of these dresses in her wardrobe this season. Illustrated in No. 2182 we have one of the smartest versions of this popular mode. Silk ottoman, kasha, poplin, fine twills, reps, and velvet are some of the materials from which to make your choice for this good looking design.

The pattern for No. 2182 is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. To make the dress in the 36 inch size will require 1⅞ yards of 54 inch material, without nap, with 1⅝ yards of 40 inch contrasting. The embroidery design is included in our transfer pattern No. 729, which comes in blue and yellow and which costs fifteen cents extra.

Every housewife will want the attractive apron illustrated in No. 2176. Notice the diagram at the bottom of the drawing—the entire garment is cut in one piece.

You can obtain a pattern for this apron in only one size and you will need only 1¾ yards of 36 inch material.

How did we ever get along without the costume slip? The slip shown in No. 1893 can be made with the shoulder straps and straight upper edge, as shown in the main view, or with built-up shoulders and V-neck, as shown in the small view.

The pattern, No. 1893, can be had in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. In the 36 inch size, 2⅝ yards of 36 inch material are required.

The hot-iron transfer pattern, No. 713, which comes in blue only, costs fifteen cents extra.

The dress pattern, No. 2173, is cut in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. In the 8 year size, 1½ yards of 36 inch material, with 1 yard 36 inch contrasting and ⅝ yard 36 inch for the underbody, are required.

In a pretty printed silk, flat crêpe, ribbed silk or satin, No. 2095 would be lovely for a "best." Try it in wool jersey or a fine poplin for general wear.

The dress pattern, No. 2095, can be had in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. In the 36 inch size, 3⅞ yards of 40 inch material are required.

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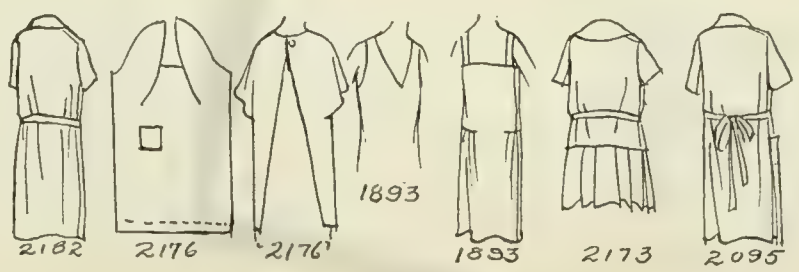
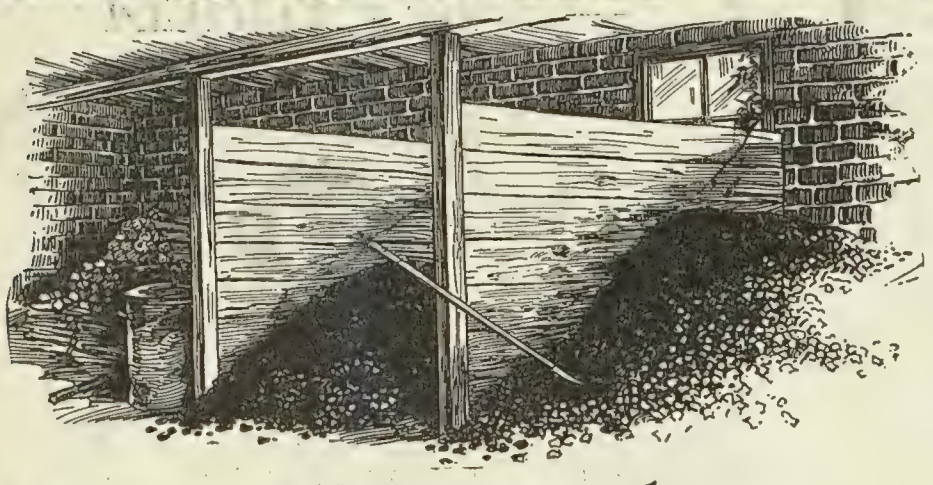
NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.



# $50 Worth of Coal Saved for Next Winter!



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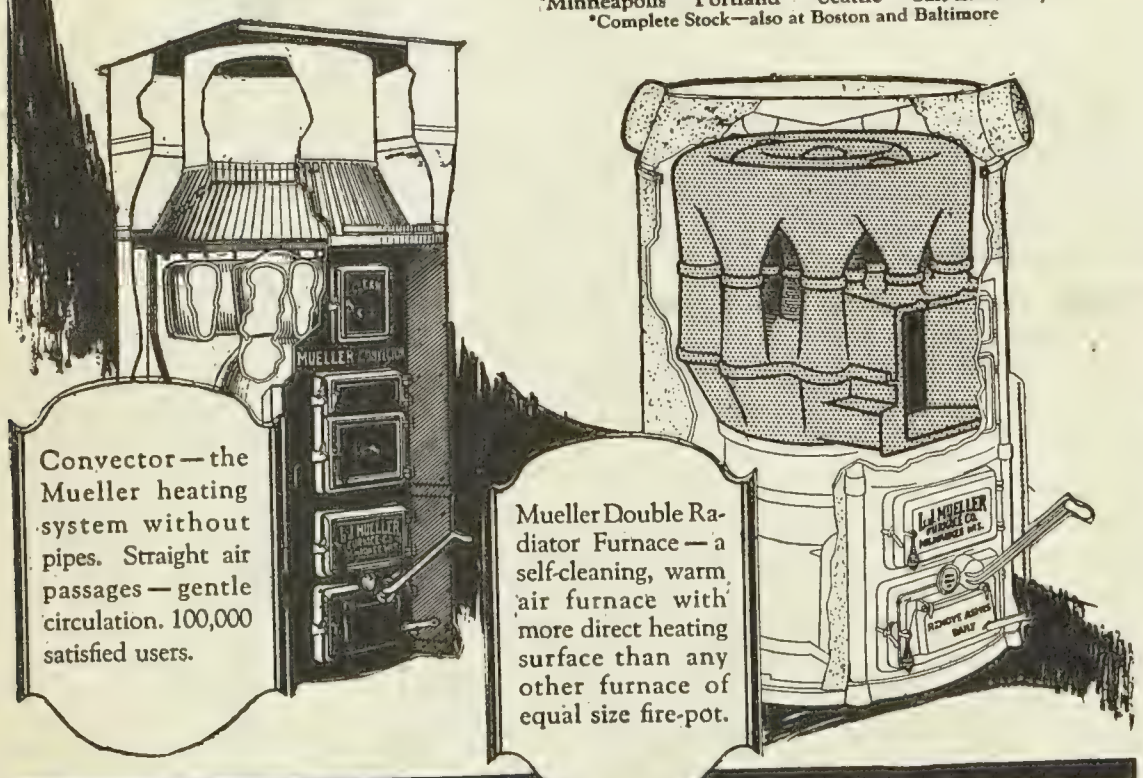

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# *My Hardest* FIGHT

*Bennie Leonard*
© Ardnow

*Richie Mitchell*
Int'l Photo

*As Told by*

BENNIE LEONARD

*to*

WALTER DAVENPORT

## *"No Man Ever Came Nearer Losing His Title Than I Did. I Was Never Hit Harder. . . I Was Down for the Count of Nine"*

*Bennie Leonard, world's lightweight champion, is scheduled to fight Mickey Walker, the welterweight champion, for the welterweight title, September 22. Many boxing critics say Bennie Leonard cannot now make the lightweight limit, 135 pounds, and that therefore this is his most important fight. Thus this story of what Bennie Leonard considers the hardest fight in his career takes on greater comparative interest.*

MY toughest battle? I don't have to think very hard. Richie Mitchell was my opponent. No man ever came nearer losing his title than I did. I was never hit harder.

It happened in Madison Square Garden, New York, in 1921.

Mitchell's right hand wallop is one of the most dangerous punches in the lightweight division. It was my intention to get Richie as rapidly as possible, just as it was Jack Dempsey's plan to whip Firpo as fast as he could, and for a very similar reason.

Dempsey was sure he could knock out Firpo, but he was not anxious to let the Argentinian hit him often with his right. Therefore, I started out by knocking Richie down. Four times I had him on the floor in the first round.

I was certain that he was all in after that fourth fall, so I abandoned caution and was measuring him for what I believed would be the final punch when he arose. I went in wide open to wind up the evening. Mitchell met me with the desperation of the courageous man facing defeat. He put everything he had into one wallop and it met me on the chin.

I was down for the count of nine. I am a pugilist by trade and instinct and training fetched me to my feet. I had heard, of course, the timekeeper's counting. At the count of "six" I had collected my scattered wits to some extent. I heard "seven" and knew that it was time for me to get under way. Eight, nine—I got up. I saw Richie rush. I covered up. The bell rang. The round was over. I'd be a fool to try to convince anyone that the sound of the bell was not sweet music to me.

Fortunately for me, Richie was as much hurt as I was. Those four knockdowns he had experienced in the first round had robbed him of strength. I recovered rapidly and boxed defensively through four rounds.

The sixth round opened, and I was as strong as ever, whereas Mitchell had wilted under additional punishment.

We had been fighting about a minute in that sixth round when my opportunity came. Mitchell was trying to guard his stomach. His jaw was fully exposed and I hit it. He didn't get up that time until after the timekeeper had counted ten.

That was by all means my hardest fight.

THE END

# His Business Is Getting a Good Start!

## And in 31 Years Mars Cassidy Has Done Pretty Well by Springing the Barrier at 25,000 Horse Races---Not to Mention Winning the Confidence of Probably the Most Suspicious People on Earth!

*By PAUL L. KINKEAD*

MARS CASSIDY

"EASY, boys, easy! Take your time! Get 'em straight! Don't excite 'em! Get in your place, there, Connolly! Hey, Coltiletti, get that wop hound of yours around there! Straighten out that goat of yours, Maiben! You didn't, eh? Don't try to clip me that! Hey, you over there on that sorrel dog, quit tiptoeing. Has that prima donna trainer of yours been trying to tell you how to ride a hoss? Get 'em straight, boys. Easy now, easy—come up. Whoa! Keep out of that, Babin, or I'll put you on the ground so hard they'll think it's an earthquake. Let that hoss alone, Fairbrother. Don't kick him in the ribs—he may explode.

"Now—whoa up there, Robinson. Come around with that spavined kangaroo of yours, Sande! Trying to beat it, eh? Well, you prima donnas aren't entitled to any percentage. Hey, you Maiben, get off the rail. Looking for that fifteen per cent for your owner, eh? Get 'em around, straighten 'em out——

"Now, steady, boys! Steady! Easy! Whoa! Get straight, Sande. Ease back there a bit, Maiben. Whoa up! Whoa! Easy! Come on there! Come on! GO ON!"

Mars Cassidy, greatest of all race starters, presses a spring, a barrier flashes up, and fourteen horses, suddenly in line, leap out together at the start of a seven furlong race.

Cassidy, red, perspiring, stands gazing through the dust cloud in the wake of flying hoofs, mops his brow, and hums a tune. The racing chart will say: "At post two minutes —start good"—and if six times a day he succeeds in that, he is happy.

MARS was the god of war—so most of the Cassidys have been named Mars. The most recent (perhaps the last) of the Mars Cassidys, the knotty, wiry little man who has started nearly 25,000 horse races, did not name his son Mars. Three of the ancestral Mars Cassidys having died prematurely (any Cassidy who dies at all does that) Mrs. Cassidy refused to have their son named Mars, so he was called Marshall. Which neither took the love of fighting, the love of horses, nor the love of game chickens from him.

Cassidys have been starting something ever since Finn MacCumhl's day, and now these Cassidys—Mars and Marshall—are starting the biggest races in the country—Mars, the father, at the barrier, starting on the big Eastern tracks, and Marshall, the son, in the West.

The elder Cassidy is a vitally interesting man because criticism, abuse, complaints, trickery, and pull count for nothing with him and because he has learned human nature from horses and from men. He has won and held the confidence of kicking owners, protesting trainers, critical Jockey Club officials, complaining jockeys—and, greater than that, of the racegoing public. To win the confidence of racegoers, suspicious of everything and everybody, is a triumph worthy of a Cassidy.

CASSIDY is a Virginia-Marylander, born in Virginia, and moved as a baby into Maryland, living on a farm near Ellicott City, in Howard County. He was "horsy" all his life, as he expresses it.

"You always can tell," he remarked, "when a kid is going to turn out to be a horseman. When he is about three years old he wants a goat. I always had horses and loved horses, and my father and grandfather did before me. It is in the blood. I owned horses, helped with them, and trained them all my life, and they like me. It is a strange thing why some folks can handle horses and others can't.

"There was a trotter named Arlington, notorious for viciousness. He was a sluggish horse, sulky and sullen. Three men were required to get him out of a stall and four or five to hook him up to a sulky. He would fight, bite, kick—do anything except the thing he thought you wanted him to do. His driver used a buggy spoke with a chain on it as a whip—brutality.

"I got to handling him, and one day I was alone with him and stroked his nose, treated him nicely but firmly, took him out, hooked him up, and drove off. The owner was a friend, and one day he was cussing Arlington for his meanness, and I bet him a suit of clothes I could hook up the horse alone without trouble.

"I told the boys to stay away, walked into the stall, played with his nose, slipped him a bit of sugar, backed him into the shafts, and hooked him up. He did not make a move. I patted him, reined him up, walked easily back to the sulky, and drove out on the track with the owner yelling after me, 'You hopped that hoss——'

"All I had done was to win his confidence. I never used a whip, and he won again and again for me.

"The folks sent me to Rock Hill College, but if horses were going to race I'd run away and ride or drive. It was a tough game in those days. It just suited me.

"I WAS learning, though, how to handle horses. You've got to win their confidence, teach them what you want them to do, and be firm and square with them. I did not know it, but I was learning the elements of starting races then. I did not begin as a starter until 1893, at Alexander Island, opposite Washington. They had trouble with starting —as is always the case—and I filled in. Every race was followed by a squawk, and it was exciting work.

"I worked on the 'outlaw' tracks, as they called those not in the Jockey Club. St. Asaps, Elkton, Herrin Run—in Canada—all around. I guess I have started on almost all the tracks on the continent in the last thirty years, from Juarez to Canada and from coast to coast.

"I knew all the time there was something wrong with starting horses, and it took me a long time to study out just what it was and how to remedy it. I concluded finally it was mostly in the system of handling jockeys. In those days the starters fined jockeys heavily. It was common for the fines imposed on the riders to run from $15,000 to $25,000 a meeting. My idea was that a starter, or any one handling men, should get along with as little friction as possible, and certainly these fines caused friction. Jockeys were sullen, angry, trying to put something over, and the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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*This is just one of the many ways in which Liberty fits the times!*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SEVEN]

owners in many cases were paying the fines, so it did no good to soak the boy, only made him mad.

"Owners would tell the boys to get the horses off ahead, and if they were fined the owner would stand it. Some of the boys could not afford to be fined and were broke at the end of long meetings. That made them sullen and desperate.

"The rough stuff I went through on the outlaw racetracks was a valuable schooling. I knew the standpoint of the owner, the trainer, the jockey, and the horse, and I also knew, as all starters do, whether the horse or the rider was at fault. I started to tell the boys that, if they did not obey, I'd set them on the ground. I always made good.

"I would suspend them for two, three days or a week. That put an end to the custom of the owners paying the fines. When they ran to the owners and the owners ran to the stewards, I ran back at them and forced the stewards to back me up in the penalties.

"I was working the Canadian and Maryland tracks mostly when the Jockey Club wanted me to go to the New York tracks to alternate with Fitzgerald, the Jockey Club's starter, in 1905. I didn't want to go at first, because it meant new problems and a new field. I had established a reputation on my own tracks and the jockeys knew me. Besides that, I had forced owners to train their horses and school them to starts and they knew me. I knew the game was different, and it is.

"THE great trouble with racing in the metropolitan tracks is that it is largely the hobby of millionaires, the majority of whom know little or nothing about horses and rely on their trainers. They spend a lot of money to get horses and cannot understand why they do not win. They expect results from the trainers, and when a horse is beaten the trainer, in self-defense, springs an alibi: the horse was interfered with, was given a bad ride, or the starter gave him a bad start. If the start is over on the back stretch, where the owners cannot see it well, the trainer can get away with blaming the poor finish on the starter. With such men everyone is to blame excepting the trainer.

"These prima donna trainers for rich men make a lot of trouble, and when they have a friend in the stands it may make worse trouble. The fellows who bet, whether two dollars or ten thousand, are prejudiced, and likely to blame anything except their own bad judgment.

"I started years ago to school horses to face a barrier and start properly. The majority of owners know that it is dangerous to send a colt to the post that has not been schooled, but the trainers for millionaire owners often refuse to do it.

"They raise their colts the same way they raise their children—spoil them, won't send them to school, pamper them, refuse to have them disciplined, and then criticize the starter because an eight hundred dollar colt that has been schooled and disciplined gets a good start and beats their twenty thousand dollar pets.

"THE Whitneys are exceptions. Mr. Whitney, who did so much for racing in America, once had a trainer who roared to him about the start his colt was given. The colt was sent to the post untrained, and Mr. Whitney asked me about it. I said, 'Why don't you school your colts?' Mr. Whitney figured it out, learned the situation, and ordered four barriers and sent his colts to 'school.' I never had much trouble with Whitney horses after that, and they won more frequently and ran more consistently.

"The worst field I ever handled was out at Kinloch Park in St. Louis. I had been working at Windsor, Ontario, Canada, and they were having trouble at Kinloch and wanted me to come over. They had tried four starters in a month, and all had quit or been fired, and Carmody, the owner, was doing the starting himself. There were seventeen horses in the race, which we called the Drug Store Handicap, because you could smell the drugs for a furlong. The boys were afraid to kick the horses in the ribs for fear the nitroglycerin in them would explode.

"Those seventeen horses were hopping around in every direction like a field of fleas. One of them jumped into a harrow, two jumped the fence into the infield, one leaped into the stands, and one ran clear out of the park and was excused. I worked for fifteen minutes and finally got five of them off in a bunch—with the others running in ten different directions. It was a terrible experience, and I drove down to the stands feeling blue. There folks congratulated me on the excellent start.

"'Excellent!' I said. 'I thought it was rotten.' 'You should have seen Carmody,' said one of the stewards. 'He had a field of fourteen and left them all at the post.'

"It is trainers and owners trying to secure a little unfair advantage of a start who make the trouble. The boys are better trained, and they have confidence that I will not give them the worst of it. The horses are getting better schooled to starting, but there still are those who seek the best of it—and, like many others who are looking for an ace in the hole, are liable to find a black deuce buried.

"It doesn't pay, either in horse racing or anything else."

THE END

*"It's peaceful here," remarked Pansi, "but somehow I can't help wishing it was Columbus Circle out there instead of a corn field."*

# *A LITTLE BIT OF* BROADWAY

## *Marty Hess Descends on Walnut City to "Ballyhoo for Marty" and Pansi Witnesses a Battle in the Moonlight*

By RICHARD CONNELL

Pictures by R. G. JONES

*If you have missed the beginning of this story be sure to turn to the next page and read the synopsis.*

PART THREE.

EIGHT nights after the dance in the Grange Hall, Tom Corbin came up the path to the farmhouse, where the Delaneys, mother and daughter, lived. Pansi stopped in the midst of practicing dance steps to meet and greet him.

He was wearing his black suit, the one he had worn to the dance, and the one he had worn on six out of the last eight evenings. He saw Pansi regarding the baggy knees, and he diverted her attention by producing, with the gesture of a conjurer, a bunch of flowers as big as a manhole cover.

"Thought your ma would like 'em," he explained, huskily.

"Couldn't I even smell 'em, papa?"

"O, of course you could, Miss Pansi," he said. She had promoted him from "Miss Delaney" on the fourth night.

"Let's sit on the porch," suggested Pansi.

They sat together in opposite corners of the porch swing.

"It's peaceful here," Pansi remarked. "But somehow I can't help wishing it was Columbus Circle out there instead of a corn field."

"What's Columbus Circle?" asked Tom.

"Don't you know? Well, can you tie that? Why, it's the center of the world. Imagine not knowing Columbus Circle."

"I'll bet you don't know alfalfa," said Tom.

"Al Falfa? Who did he ever lick?"

Tom laughed.

"It isn't a man. It's a grass."

"Why should I know about it, then? I'm not a plough-shover."

"If it wasn't for us plough-shovers, your Broadway would starve to death," remarked Tom.

"My Broadway! Yes, it is my Broadway. I got the homesickness blues tonight, papa. I

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

know I've talked a lot about Broadway to you, but do you mind if I talk just a little bit more?"

"No," said Tom. "I love to hear you."

Pansi spoke of Broadway as one speaks of a religion.

"I'd give a million dollars for a little bit of Broadway this minute," she sighed. "I wish——"

"LOOK," Tom interrupted. "There's a man coming up the path." Pansi tried to peer through the dusk.

"Who is he?" she asked.

"A stranger around here," said Tom.

"I guessed that from his clothes," said Pansi. "Well, slap me down dead in Yonkers, if it ain't Marty!"

"Marty?"

"Yeah. Marty Hess."

Tom looked at her, strangely.

"The one you were telling me about?" he asked.

"Yes, that's him."

"And yet," said Tom, his face clouding, "you seem glad to see him."

"Glad? Gee! Papa, he's from Broadway. Hello, there, Marty, where did you blow in from?"

"Hello, angel-face," said Mr. Hess, delicately wiping his brow with a purple silk handkerchief. He was puffing from his walk. "I was out to Kansas City on business and I thought I'd drop round and find out how long you're going to stay among the cows and chickens. Had the devil's own time finding you. This place has one fewer taxicabs than Venice."

"How'd you leave Broadway?" asked Pansi, eagerly.

"Stewed," answered Mr. Hess, brightly.

"Same old Marty. Quick like a fish, eh? O, Tom, shake hands with Mr. Hess of New York. Marty, this is Tom Corbin, who lives next door."

Mr. Hess did not offer his hand to Tom. He swept Tom with a glance that paused an instant at his baggy trousers, gave Tom a curt nod, and turned his plump back on him. It was a faultless back, from the viewpoint of a Broadway tailor, a sartorial poem in blue and white stripes.

"I GOT something I want to tell you, Pansi," puffed Mr. Hess. He tossed a glance at Tom. "Private," he added.

Pansi looked perplexedly at Tom.

"I guess," said Tom Corbin, picking up his hat, "I'd better be going."

"Gee! Papa," exclaimed Pansi, "you look as if you'd eaten a bumblebee. Don't go 'way mad."

"I'm not mad."

"You see," exclaimed Pansi, "just as I'm wasting away for some news of the old town, along comes Mr. Hess to dish the dirt."

"Dirt?"

"O, they'd call it gossip out here. Wasn't I just giving you a song and dance about how much I missed it?"

"Yes," said Tom, thoughtfully. "Yes. I know how you miss the city. I'm afraid——" he hesitated, and did not say what he feared. "Well, I guess I could hardly expect—we could hardly expect you to like us much. We're just sort of simple people. Good night."

"You're not mad?"

"No," said Tom. "I'm not mad. No, that isn't what I am."

HE went slowly down the path; the expectancy that had been in his gait when he came up the path was gone now. Marty Hess snickered.

"Say, where did you pick up Hiram? Your friend looks like he just stepped out of Way Down East. I wish I'd brought along a satchel full of gold bricks."

"Lay off him, Marty Hess," flashed Pansi. "He may not look like a Times Square cowboy, but he's a good lad."

"I bet he believes in Santa Claus," was Mr. Hess' opinion.

"I shouldn't wonder if he does," said Pansi, "but I guess that's better than not believing in anything."

Mr. Hess looked at her shrewdly, suspiciously.

"O—ho," he said, wagging his head, "O—ho!" Then, "They all fall for you, don't they, kid?"

"Is that what you came to tell me?" asked Pansi, unsmilingly.

"O, I got a lot to tell you," Mr. Hess assured her. "Let's go for a stroll."

"Stroll? Why?"

He jerked a thumb over his shoulder toward the lighted sitting room where Mrs. Delaney could be seen knitting.

"Are you going to slip me a secret or something?" inquired Pansi.

"Yeah. Sure. That's the ticket."

"But it's so warm walking. Let's stay right here. Ma won't hear you, and if she did she probably wouldn't understand you."

"Aw, come on, Pansi," urged Mr. Hess, "didn't I come a thousand miles to see you?"

"O, all right," said Pansi. "I wouldn't go, only I'm just burning up to hear the latest about the old bunch."

THERE was a path across the meadow in the back of Pansi's house and along this path she walked with Marty Hess.

"How's Goldie?" asked Pansi.

"O, she's able to sit up and pick at a lobster," he told her. "She and Bennie had a war."

"Honest? A real bust-up?"

"O, it only lasted a coupla days. Now they're together like a coupla sardines, and Goldie is sporting a new pearl necklace. Cost three hundred. I know. I lent Bennie the plasters. But, say, I didn't come out here to ballyhoo for Goldie or Bennie."

"Then who did you come to ballyhoo for?" queried Pansi.

"Marty J. Hess," he replied.

"How come?"

"You know what I mean," he said.

"How should I?"

"Now, Pansi, don't try to play you're a merry milkmaid with a ten minute egg like me. You know exactly why I'm here."

"No, I don't," said Pansi, but her manner carried no conviction.

Mr. Hess became enormously serious.

"I've been thinking about you, Pansi," he said.

"Thinking? What with?"

"Censor the comedy, won't you. Can't you see I mean business?"

"You always mean business," said Pansi, "even when you talk about love."

"Pansi"—Mr. Hess's voice was thick with earnestness—"I'm crazy about you."

"Aw, behave. You needn't have come a thousand miles to tell me you were crazy."

"Pansi, sit down. Give me a chance to say what I came to say."

"Make it snappy," said Pansi. They sat down on a pile of lumber behind the Delaney barn.

"Kid," began Mr. Hess with all his eloquence, "you've hit me hard. You got me against the ropes, groggy. I ain't able to sleep, and I'm hardly able to eat. That's what you've done to me. Now I'm not going to beat around no bush. I want you, Pansi, and I'm the kind of guy that gets what he wants. That's me."

"Well, I'm not to be had. That's me."

## WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY:

*PANSI DeLANOY—Slangy, vivacious, sentimental showgirl, loves Broadway as Broadway loves her and her beautiful legs. But she doesn't care so much for*

*MARTY HESS, who ardently professes his will and power to give her anything she wants. He gives her a kiss she certainly doesn't want, and she presents him with a kick in the shins HE doesn't want.*

*MRS. DELANEY of Walnut City, Iowa, is hurt and laid up. So Pansi goes there—where she's known as Annie Delaney—and "pages the cows" and "puts the feed bag on the chickens" on her mother's farm.*

*TOM CORBIN, a young farmer, at a very broad hint from Pansi, takes her to a country dance. He is much impressed by her and she with him, though she says "they're all Marty Hesses at heart."*

*ROY TERWILLIGER, who's a devil in his own home town, takes a lot for granted in his attentions to Pansi at the dance, and is substantially rebuked by Tom. Pansi weeps as she says good night to young Corbin: "You're the first man that ever treated me like a lady."*

"You can't no me that way, kid. I'm not going to let you waste yourself out here in the hay and feed belt. I want you to come back with me. I could do a lot for you."

"Thank you for the free tickets to Central Park," said Pansi, coolly, "but I cannot accept your sweet invitation, as I'm sitting right pretty where I am, yours very truly, Pansi DeLanoy."

"Yeah? Sell that stuff to the funny papers. You happy in this parody of a town? Don't try to kid me. I keep goats myself. You're Broadway-hungry this minute."

"Perhaps. But here I am, and here I stay."

"DON'T be a little fool, Pansi," Mr. Hess was summoning all his powers of persuasion. "I'll treat you white, I swear I will. I got coin, tons of it. Just last week I won six thousand on a twenty to one shot at Havre de Grace, and I'm cleaning up in the human hair game. I'll clear fifty grand this year easy."

He had taken her hand and was attempting to gloss over the action by talking more rapidly, more energetically.

"I got my eye on an apartment, Pansi. It's a pip. It makes Gertie's swell cave look like a Perth Amboy chicken coop. It's right slap on Broadway, too. And I got my eye on the hottest little sedan that ever broke the traffic rules; I'll have it upholstered to match your hair, Pansi. I wish you could see the car and the apartment. It's right on Broadway, you know."

"No wonder you can sell human hair goods, Marty Hess," said Pansi, quite unthawed. "But what I told you on the Diamond Roof that night goes double out here. No matter what you bid, it isn't enough. Take your guitar under some other window. You can get any number of sweet mamas on terms like that, but not Pansi DeLanoy. It just can't be done."

"Can't? What do you mean by 'can't'?" In Mr. Hess' tone was a hint that he was capable of irritability.

"Well, there's ma, for one thing."

"I'll hire a nurse to look after her," Mr. Hess promised. "I'll hire a team of nurses."

"And there's another reason."

Mr. Hess' face darkened as if ink had been injected hypodermically beneath its surface.

"Another man?" he snapped.

"No."

"I'm not blind. I saw how that big apple-knocker looked at you."

"Don't be silly, Marty. I'm nothing to Tom Corbin."

"Then what's your reason?"

"A pretty good one, if you ask me," said Pansi, standing up to indicate that the interview was over. "I don't want to."

"Enough of this feinting and stalling, kid." said Marty, and his voice was a growl. "I read you like a billboard. You're a Broadway girl and you want a Broadway man. You're going with me."

He seized her wrist and drew her back to the lumber pile.

"Stop, Marty Hess. Take your dirty hands off me. Stop or I'll kick the everlasting wadding out of you." Pansi's voice was hard, but it was not loud.

"I'm wild about you, kid," he breathed, and held her tighter.

"Someone's coming!" gasped Pansi.

"Only a cow," said Mr. Hess, a thick arm tight about her waist.

"It's a man," cried Pansi.

IT was a man. It was Tom Corbin. He had been walking with his head bent forward as if his mind were weighed down with some burden, and he had not noticed them until he was almost on top of them. He saw that Mr. Hess' arm was about Pansi; he saw Mr. Hess spring hastily to his feet, and heard Mr. Hess demand, sharply:

"Well, what do you want?"

"I'm sorry," said Tom in a broken voice. "Didn't mean to interrupt. Didn't know you were out here. I was just walking and thinking. Just walking and thinking."

"Well, just walk and think some more," said Mr. Hess, and his irritability had clearly come to the surface.

Tom looked at the man steadily, thoughtfully.

"Step out of the picture, Cy," ordered Mr. Hess. "Your cows are waiting for their bedtime story."

Tom did not move. There was moon enough for Pansi to see that his face was working; it made her think of the night at the dance and the encounter with Roy Terwilliger.

"This is my land," said Tom, slowly, "and I don't let strangers order me around on it."

Mr. Hess had tried to keep his temper in his talk with Pansi, but he saw no reason for such restraint with the tall young man before him.

"Take a little tip from me, Hiram," said Mr. Hess, and his voice was metallic. "Go while the going's good. I want to talk to this little lady serious, and I don't want you as comic relief. So roll your hoop."

But Tom Corbin did not "roll his hoop." Instead, he took a step toward Mr. Hess. Pansi tried to thrust herself between them.

"Now, boys," she cried, "don't stage any battle till you've sold the movie rights."

Marty brushed her slight figure aside as if she were so much cigaret smoke.

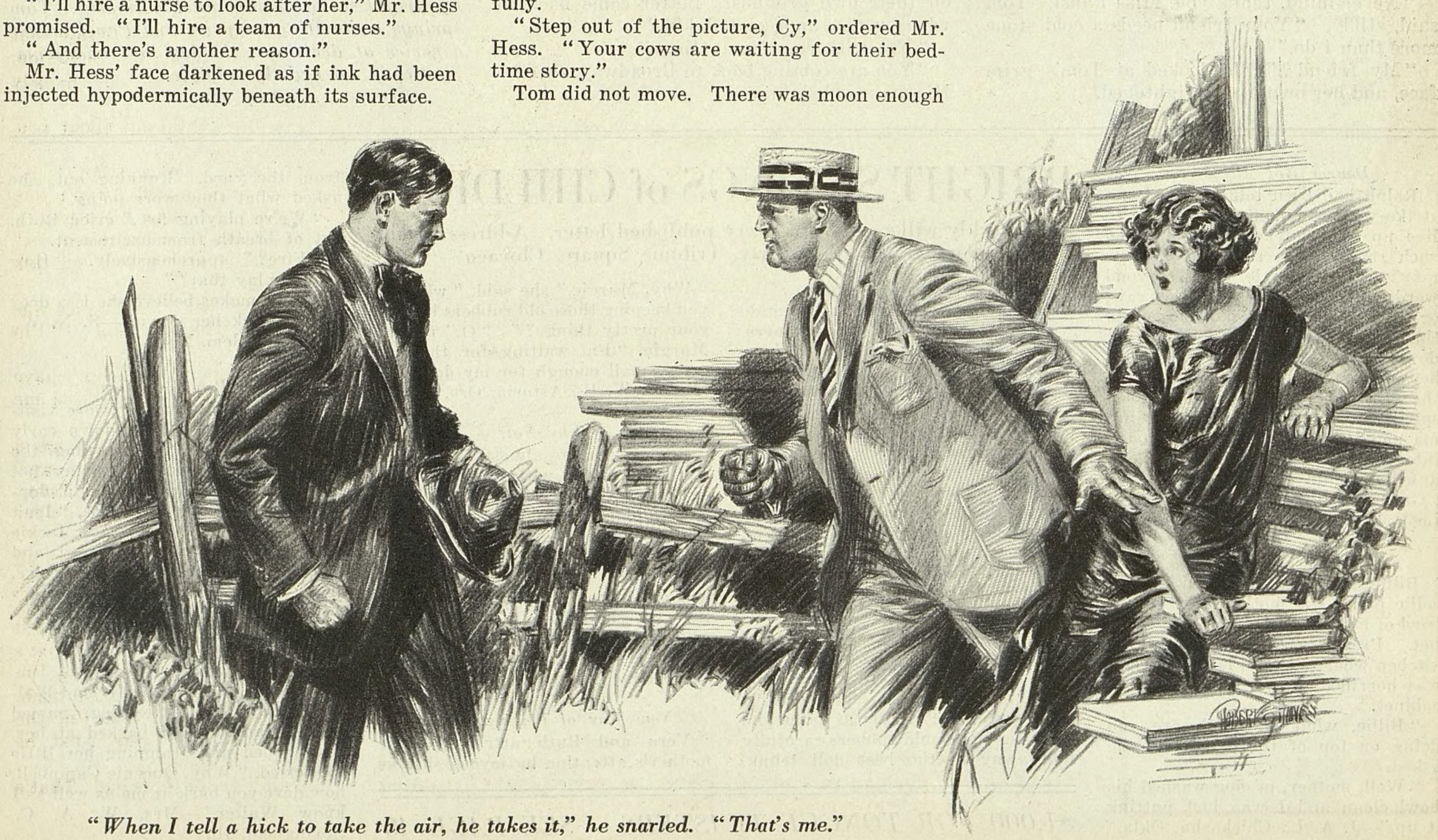
"When I tell a hick to take the air, he takes it," he snarled. "That's me."

"Don't fight him, Tom," screamed Pansi. "He's a bruiser. He used to be in the ring. Stop, Marty——"

BUT Tom Corbin had little choice in the matter. A savage blow from the ponderous Mr. Hess split Tom's lip. Another blow, expertly driven by shoulders that still retained some of the power of Marty's ring days, sent Tom sprawling on the ground. Mr. Hess snorted triumphantly. Tom was dizzy, but he pulled himself to his feet. Another blow from Marty landed with crushing force on Tom's face before he could collect his wits and protect himself. Again Tom went down, and again, even more slowly this time, he dragged his body up.

In the moonlight Marty Hess, to Tom's dazed eyes, seemed enormous and misshapen, a dream gorilla. Instinct alone made Tom Corbin lower his head and rush blindly at Marty. The darting blow he received stung

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



*"When I tell a hick to take the air, he takes it," he snarled. "That's me."*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-ONE]

him, but did not stop him, and he brought up against Marty's thick middle and clutched the ex-pugilist in a desperate clinch.

TOM felt Marty's experienced and still muscular arms wrap round him. Tom felt his head being slowly pried away from its safe resting place on Mr. Hess' silk-plaited bosom. Tom felt his head being twisted back. He tried to wrench himself free, but he could not. Slowly, but with a grim inevitability, Marty was forcing down Tom's head and would soon have it in chancery, where he could rain blows on Tom's defenseless face until Tom became senseless. An inch more and Marty had him. He could feel Marty's thick, straining muscles.

Then something strange must have happened to Marty Hess, for he broke, even as a too taut bowstring breaks. Down on his back went Marty; he collapsed as a log jam does when the key log is knocked away.

Tom fell on top of him and the force of the fall on the lumber pile, together with Tom's one hundred and eighty pounds, dashed all the breath from Mr. Hess' capacious body.

When Marty, panting and at sea, got to his legs, Tom was waiting for him, and Tom hit Marty. He hit him hard. Marty went down and Marty stayed down.

Presently Mr. Hess feebly opened his surviving eye. His first words were epithets.

"You jobbed me," he raged, but he did not seek to renew hostilities. "You kicked my leg out from under me." More epithets (uncomplimentary).

"Stop that kind of talk," said Tom. "I didn't kick you." His voice was low pitched; but Marty stopped. He rose painfully to his feet and began to brush the Iowa soil from his hitherto immaculate trousers.

"Are you hurt, Tom?" Pansi was standing beside him. "Let me put a cold stone on your eye."

"Never mind, thank you, Miss Pansi," Tom said, stiffly. "Your friend needs a cold stone more than I do."

"My friend?" She looked at Tom's grim face, and her own grew frightened.

"Yes, your Broadway friend," said Tom. He moved away from her. "Good night."

"Stop. Don't go." cried Pansi.

"There's no reason for me to stay any longer," said Tom. "Unless he wants to fight some more."

Mr. Hess, glowering at the ruin of his straw hat, on which he had fallen, seemed disinclined to accept this opportunity.

TOM spoke to Pansi without looking in her direction.

"I apologize, Miss Pansi," he said, and his voice was trembling, "for losing my temper and fighting like this. I didn't want to do it. And please don't think I kicked him. I fight fair. Good night."

He was gone. His long strides, almost a run, had carried him away into the shadows beyond the barn. Pansi made a movement as if she intended to follow him, then stopped, for Marty Hess was blocking the way. She turned on him furiously.

"You big ape," she stormed. "You hit the trail away from here and don't stop till you get to the station. You've done enough harm for one day."

"Huh," he said from the corner of his mouth. "Afraid you're queered with Handsome Harry, the hay-tosser, eh?"

"Never mind what I'm afraid of," cried Pansi. "I'm not afraid of you, Marty Hess, and if you don't make your getaway this minute I'll bounce this brick off that baboon skull of yours."

Mr. Hess backed away.

"Cool down, dearie, cool down," he said. "I'm the one to get sore. I'm the one who's leg was kicked loose when the scrap was going my way. But I'm just as strong for you as ever. My offer holds good. You'd better grab it. That big Hiram isn't so dense, he's got you figured right. He sees he can't make the grade against Broadway any more than you can compete with the home-loving janes out here on their own grounds. Better come back to where you're appreciated, kid."

"Not with you, Marty Hess."

"You are coming back to Broadway, then?" His manner brightened.

"I didn't say I was, and I didn't say I wasn't," she replied, angrily. "Help yourself to the air, Marty Hess."

"O, you'll come back," he said, with assurance. "I can wait and that flat on Broadway can wait. Just wire me when you'll get to Grand Central and I'll have the gang meet you with a brass band. We'll pitch a party for you, dearie, that will make the old town gasp. Ta-ta."

He started away, but stopped, as if he had been checked by a sudden thought.

"Say," exclaimed Mr. Hess, "if Hiram didn't kick my leg away, who did?"

"Figure it out on the train," said Pansi DeLanoy.

MRS. Delaney heard her daughter moving around in her own room that night.

"Have a nice time with your friend from New York, Annie?" Mrs. Delaney called.

"O, yes; a lovely time."

"That's good. Tom didn't stay, did he?"

"No. Tom didn't stay."

"I'm sorry he didn't. He'd be interested to hear your friend tell about Broadway."

"I guess," said Pansi, in a tired voice, "Tom's heard too much about Broadway as it is."

"What do you mean, Annie?"

"O, never mind. It doesn't matter, now. But I was wrong about Tom."

"Wrong about Tom? How do you mean, Annie?"

"When I said he was just like all the other men. I'm beginning to think that way of his isn't a line, after all," said Pansi. "I'm beginning to think it's the real thing."

"I don't understand, Annie——" Mrs. Delaney began.

"Please don't ask me tonight, ma," answered Pansi. "I feel lower than a shark's cellar."

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*It's a whirlwind finish Mr. Connell puts on his bright serial in next week's Liberty. Tom springs a startling surprise and Pansi makes a series of decisions, the last one being emphatic, if not exactly ladylike.*

THE END

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*Danger Not All Over*

Ralph had been told he must not strike women and manfully tried to live up to his teachings, but even such small ladies as those of four may rouse the male wrath beyond words, so when his grandmother saw, or rather heard, that it had reached that point, she came over and sat down on the top step nearby with her sewing. The minutes passed and the wee lady was restored to good spirits, but Ralph was silent. Grandma picked up her work and started into the house when the little man announced in a warning tone: "Grandma, I'm mad yet!"—A. L. Look, Peoria, Ill.

* * *

*Ready to "Put Away"*

Billie had just acquired a new collie pup. His mother gave him a bowl of milk to feed the hungry little pet. Presently she came into the kitchen where she had left Billie and was horrified to find him up on the cabinet.

"Billie, what on earth are you doing on top of the cabinet?" she asked.

"Well, mother, m' dog washed his bowl clean and I was just putting it up."—J. A. L., Chickasha, Okla.

# BRIGHT SAYINGS of CHILDREN

**This weekly will pay $5 for every published letter. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago**

*No Need for Instruction*

Mamma was having a struggle with Bobby in regard to his manners. That scorning anything pertaining to politeness added to one's superiority was the idea held by the small boy element of the neighborhood caused her anxiety and misgivings as to what might happen after Bobby entered school. But, with repeated instructions and warnings, she hoped for the best. Upon returning one day, he pompously announced, "You don't need to teach me manners anymore — the teacher does that at school."—I. W. H., Chicago.

* * *

*"Growing Small"*

"Margie," said her mother one day, "your rubbers are growing too small for you; we'll have to have some new ones." Months later she came across the old rubbers carefully laid away in the best doll trunk. "Why, Margie," she said, "why are you keeping those old rubbers in with your pretty things?" "O," replied Margie, "I'm waiting for them to grow small enough for my dolly."—Mrs. S. W. E., Astoria, Ore.

* * *

*Why Not?*

Little James is almost five but he still has trouble with his th's. One day his mother carefully showed him how to place his tongue and breathe sharply out in order to say "thirsty" correctly. After several attempts that simply would not come out any way but "firsty," he solved the problem by saying, "O, never mind, mother; I'll just say 'I want a drink of water, please!'"—M. P. R., Winthrop Beach, Mass.

* * *

*New Way of Playing "Fire"*

Vera and Ruth attracted their mother's attention by joyous shrieks from the yard. Running out, she asked what they were doing.

"We're playing fire," cried Ruth, out of breath from excitement.

"Fire?" apprehensively. "How do you play that?"

"Vera makes believe she is a door and I knock her down."—S. N. W., Winston-Salem, N. C.

* * *

*A Pancake Quota*

Jackie and his mother were visiting Aunt Jean. Going down early for breakfast the first morning, the small boy consumed so many hot cakes that his aunt finally said, flopping two more on his plate, "Isn't that enough now, Jackie?" Jackie paused, looked doubtful, arose, and going over to the foot of the stairs, cried: "Ma! How many pancakes do I usually eat?"—P.M.H., Rochester, Pa.

* * *

*Introducing Herself*

Betty was passing her friend Walter's home, his little dog, named Queen, ran out and barked at her. She turned and stamping her little foot cried, "Why, Queenie Campbell, how dare you bark at me as well as I know Walter."—Mrs. W. A. C., Springfield, Ill.

*$1,000 FOR TONGUE TWISTERS — SEE PAGE 45*

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